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MEN WHOM THE WORLD TAKES CHARGE OF.

A popular magazine lately presented a series of articles, descriptive of the adventures of a military personage, who, while in reality destitute of talent, courage, and experience, had, by the favourable interpretation which was put upon all his actions, obtained rapid advancement, and ended as a general and K.C.B. Whether a real or imaginary being, Sir Frizzle Pumpkin may be cited as a specimen of a certain class of mortals, who appear to obtain, without either merit or effort, all the honours for which better men often struggle in vain. We speak of this class as men whom the world takes charge of, because, from the commencement of their career, they seem as very nurslings, who have every thing done and furnished for them, and are the recipients of a great deal of fondling and coddling besides, with no duty on their own part but that of submitting to it all. They have only to wait at home, like Beau Tibbs, and, swoop! every thing they want falls into their mouths. There is of course some principle in this, for no such phenomena can be quite accidental; and yet it is difficult to see what the principle is, or where it lies.

Such a character as that about to be described will be recognised as one of very common occurrence in almost every walk of life. The individual in question for many years enjoyed a high reputation in the Scottish capital as one of the society of legal practitioners named Writers to the Signet. He was a man of large person, and composed demeanour, always well dressed, lived in a large and handsome house, sat at good men's feasts and gave good men feasts in return—and was supposed, like the Thane of Cawdor, to be a most prosperous gentleman. Not only did this man obtain the confidence of a number of land-proprietors, who gave up their affairs to his management, but all the poor people for twenty miles round his summer retirement in the country, brought to him their savings, and were only too happy when they could prevail upon him to become their banker, although a savings-bank giving the same or nearly the same interest was open in the next town. Insurance-offices were glad when they could get his name into their lists of ordinary directors. Shipping companies at the neighbouring port rejoiced in placing it among their extraordinary. At a meeting of creditors he was sure to be put into the chair; and at a public dinner he was appointed vice, or croupier, only if some man of title were present, to take the chair. All kinds of people and all kinds of public bodies busied themselves in thrusting undesired, or at least unsought honours upon him, and in puffing along the bark of his fortunes. He was thought to be honest above all the world's honesty, and to possess, underneath a mute and grave deportment, an unexampled amount of talent and wisdom. At length this man became bankrupt under the most disgraceful circumstances, half ruining hundreds of clients who had trusted their affairs to him, and depriving multitudes of poor rustics of their little all. It was then ascertained that he could have possessed neither wisdom nor integrity; and many who thought themselves knowing persons wondered what the world had all along seen in him to entitle him to so much confidence, as, for their part, they had never heard a single judicious observation fall from his lips, while they had often had occasion to suspect his conscientiousness—said people having only formed this conclusion respecting his character after his insolvency was declared. The fact is, that all who came within the range of that individual since ever he commenced business, had been impressed with a veneration for his large negative tor-

pid person, and felt as if they might derive a kind of security from running under the shelter of his boughs. He became an idol to those around him by virtue of something in his external aspect and demeanour which inspired confidence; and he never betrayed, by any action or saying, his real value. He might have lived comfortably upon his honest and substantial look all the days of his natural life, if he had possessed the most ordinary positive qualifications to enable him to manage the large funds entrusted to him. Nothing but the most uncommon stupidity could have stayed the progress of such a fortune.

Alfred Magnus Bulkley, Esquire, a well-known literary and scientific character of the last age, but now totally and deservedly forgotten, was an equally remarkable sample of these foster-children of society. He belonged to a respectable profession, possessed a little patrimony, and from the first took up a pretty high position in the world. While not destitute of ability, he possessed no striking gifts of mind; he could write a tolerable paper for a learned society, but never was known to strike out an original train of thought, or discover a new light in science. This man, however, never was guilty of any depreciatory trifling; he never committed any folly; he never proved or published himself the small wit he was. He at the same time belonged to a coterie of some influence, occupied a goodly house, and dined and gave dinners in a very tolerable sort of way. The result was, that both honours and profits were showered upon him. First, he was nominated to one onerous and well-paid duty—something, however, only tolerable as a beginning. Place number two was a degree better; and it was followed, in due course of time, by places numbers three and four. Here, one should have imagined, the run would have stopped. But, no. There came a final post, transcending all that had preceded it, and consequently making place number five. Some people are said to be born with a silver spoon in their mouth; but it admits of inquiry whether Alfred Magnus Bulkley, Esquire, was not ushered into the world with a whole set, tea, dinner, and dessert.

Societies, bodies corporate and unincorporate, learned and unlearned, and government to boot, all seemed to be actuated by one common tendency, and that tendency or impulse was to pour salaries into the pockets of Alfred Magnus Bulkley, Esquire. How long the phenomenon might have lasted, had this most excellent gentleman lived any length of time after entering into the possession of place number five, no one can tell. To the mortification of all who knew him, he died just as place number six began to be prepared for his acceptance. Mankind often grumble when they see an individual pampered in this manner; but mankind never grumbled in seeing place after place given to Alfred Magnus Bulkley, Esquire. It was a positive pleasure to them when the object of their solicitude rose a step in his undesired honours. There were many younger and less portentous persons, of excellent ability and great industry, who were of course better fitted than he for almost any sort of literary or official duty that could be mentioned, and who would have been glad to give their whole time and pains to any honourable avocation; but all these were usually passed over in favour of a man of whose qualifications no positive proof of any kind existed, and who was only supposed to be great. It was sometimes asked, indeed, what has Alfred Magnus Bulkley, Esquire, done to entitle him to take so high a place in the literary world?—on what title-pages of distinction do we find his name?—what have we to say to posterity, in justification of our having thrust so much honour upon this man?

The answer to these queries was usually, "Ay, what has Alfred Magnus Bulkley, Esquire, done?—where are his title-pages?—what is posterity to say to it?" No one could pretend to clear the mystery of his elevation; yet neither would any one have ventured publicly to challenge a reputation in which the public was so much interested. Mankind appeared to be fascinated by this man while he lived. He seemed to possess the gipsy art of glamour, or something equivalent to it, whereby to mystify his fellow-creatures. In fact, the fault did not lie with himself. He was scarcely conscious, we verily believe, of the strange influence he exercised. He was simply a man of gentlemanly station and deportment, possessed of respectable abilities and information, and incapable of doing any thing unfavourable to his own reputation. The effect of this moderately positive, but splendidly negative character, in the midst of the follies, eccentricities, and mean circumstances of more highly endowed men, was to give him the eminence he attained. There was nothing in the case that was not perfectly natural, or that may not occur again. It is not till the world has got the monuments of such men erected, that it awakens from the magnetic sleep into which their dullness and decency have thrown it.

A rural friend, with whom we have often conversed respecting these pets of society, has supplied us, in the following terms, with an account of another and humbler individual of the species, whose history has come prominently before his notice:—"Robert Fotheringham, the son of a small farmer in Forfarshire (so the narrative proceeds), was a harmless, honest, inoffensive creature, but without the smallest pretension to any other merit, being alike destitute of talent and activity. It was his father's intention to bring him up to the same business which he himself followed; but, simple as that business is, Robert was found, on trial, unequal to it. It was soon evident that he would never be able to conduct it with even decent skill. In truth, it appeared he had no genius whatever for farming. He had neither the activity, nor the carefulness, nor the perseverance, nor, I may add, the judgment, necessary to afford any chance of success in that profession.

The father was greatly distressed on making this discovery, and did not know what to do with his son, who was now eighteen years of age, and it was full time he should be doing something. The position of matters, in short, as regarded Robert, was an uneasy one, although he felt none of it himself. But he was not lost sight of. His good genius, or rather the good genius of his class, was at hand to assist him. His father's landlord, who was a man of extensive property, called one day on the farmer, and asked him what he intended making of his son—whether he meant to make a farmer of him. The father replied, he rather thought not. "To tell a truth," said the honest man, "I don't know very well what to make of him. He's not just so active or pushing as I would like."

"But he writes a good hand," replied the landlord, "and is not amiss at figures, I believe." "Oh, yes," said the honest farmer, "he does, certainly." "And he's a pleasant, good-tempered, honest lad?" added the landlord. "I like the young man very much, and, to come to the point at once with you, Mr Fotheringham, I have called on you to say, that I would be glad to engage him as a sort of under-factor, or overseer, to keep my farming accounts, and so forth, and look over my workmen."

The old man was delighted with the proposal: it came just in the nick of time. Robert himself was neither delighted nor otherwise with it, but he accepted

it readily enough, and was next day regularly installed in his new appointment. The salary was not a great deal, indeed, but it was a pretty fair thing to begin with. Here, then, was the first instance in the case of Robert, illustrative of that kindness of nature towards creatures of his sort. He had made no exertions to obtain his present situation—he had never sought it—never gone an inch out of his way to obtain it. It was pitched into his hand.

With this employer Robert remained three years, during which time he by no means distinguished himself by activity, intelligence, or ability; but his gentle and inoffensive disposition, and great good nature, had won him the entire esteem of his master. At the end of the period mentioned, the landlord got into embarrassed circumstances, and was compelled to announce to Robert, and he did it with much regret, that he could no longer employ him. Robert took the intimation very coolly. He expressed neither surprise nor sorrow, nor, indeed, any feeling whatever on the subject, but returned with great composure and unconcern to his father's house.

It must not be supposed, however, from the circumstance just mentioned, that Robert's good genius had deserted him. By no means. About three weeks thereafter, while sitting in an easy, calm, contemplative mood by the fireside one day, gazing at the burning embers, and particularly at a certain personage in a huge cocked hat which he discovered between the bars, his father came in with an open letter in his hand, and gave it to him to read. It was from a brother of his former employer, who was a wood-merchant in one of the outports, and ran thus:—

"Dear Sir—Being in want of a clerk, and having learned from my brother, the last time I saw him, that your son, of whose integrity and good dispositions I have had opportunities of judging, is just now out of employment, I beg to say that I will be glad to take him into my counting-house. The salary I would propose to give is eighty pounds per annum. If my offer is accepted, let the young man come to town to-morrow, and call on me. I am," &c.

Robert, on reading the letter, gave a faint smile, but this was all. He did not express, either by sign or word, any stronger feeling of satisfaction in the matter. Next day, however, he went to town, and was planted comfortably at the desk of the wood-merchant. Here Robert remained four years, obtaining each year, regularly, an advance of salary, and giving great satisfaction as far as honesty and good dispositions went, and passable as regarded the discharge of his duties.

At the end of the above-mentioned period, another calamity similar to the former befell him. His employer became bankrupt, and a trustee was appointed by his creditors to wind up his affairs. Hereupon Robert, as before, coolly and composedly prepared to return to his father's house, thinking very little about the matter, and never dreaming of looking out for another situation. He had no occasion, as the sequel will show.

On the day previous to that which he had fixed for his departure, the trustee on the bankrupt estate, who had come frequently in contact with Robert after entering on the duties of his office, and had been pleased with his quiet and civil manner, asked him what he intended doing. Robert said he intended going, in the meantime, to his father's. "What salary had you here?" inquired the trustee. Robert told him, "Would you like another situation?" Robert said he would, if it could be got, but he knew of none. The trustee replied, he had an opening just now in his own counting-house for a young man, and would be glad to employ him, naming the salary he would give—some twenty pounds per annum more than he had from the wood-merchant—and added a request, that, if he accepted the offer, he might enter on his new situation on the following day. Robert said he would, and did so accordingly; and thus found himself, without moving from his desk, once more comfortably provided for. There was, apparently, no necessity, and, therefore, no use, for exertion in the case. It must have cost others a world of trouble, of running about, of calling, entreating, promising, and beseeching, to have secured any situation, however humble. They would have required, besides, to have set a whole clan of friends a-going to have accomplished their object. But nothing of this kind was required from our hero. Situations were popped into his hand without his speaking to a soul on the subject, or giving any one the smallest trouble, and without his making the least exertion himself. He was never put to the trouble even of asking them.

With the trustee Robert remained four years, maintaining precisely the same character with which he had started in life, namely, that of being an easy, honest, good soul. The commendation could go no farther, for experience had done nothing for him. Neither on the score of penetration nor of judgment was there

the smallest improvement. In these respects he was exactly where he had been a dozen years before. At the termination of these four years, his employer died, and the business which he followed, of course, came to a close, when our hero once more prepared to return to his father's house till another situation should cast up, and for this, as usual, he had not long to wait. By a stroke of good fortune, equal if not superior to any he had experienced, he received a lucrative appointment in a large mercantile establishment. Thus far then, and, as yet, no farther, has our friend's good genius brought him, for he is still in the situation last mentioned. But it is likely to be the last move he will stand in need of, as he has now got a pretty large share in the concern, the profits of which place him in a very agreeable condition. He has a very neat well-furnished house, a pretty garden, an excellent wife, and a large family. He is, in short, settled for life, and just as snugly and delightfully situated as a man needs to be. And yet no man has been able to discover till this good hour the why or wherefore of his extraordinary success.

Reader, the grand secret is, that moderate, quiet, well-balanced characters, are by far the safest. In the affairs of the world there is so much occasion for confidence, that the safe dull man is almost sure to be preferred to the highly endowed. Some people look a great deal too clever—if they could fall upon some device equivalent to that of Swiftfoot in the fairy tale, and impose some drag upon their alarming quickness of intellect, they would come far better on. In the case of our first hero, the world was deceived; but that is nothing to the question. In his, as in the other two cases, we see the disposition of society to put trust in the tamer kinds of genius; and this is all that is to be contended for. In this disposition of society, there is surely to be traced a kind design of providence. If the smart fellows had in every case a preference, what would become of the dull ones? Is it not lucky that for these there is also some ground of appreciation and preferment?

THE PYRENEAN REPUBLIC OF ANDORRE.

In a most agreeable light production, from the pen of the Hon. James Erskine Murray, entitled "A Summer in the Pyrenees," (published by Mr Macrone, London), will be found some very interesting short sketches of a people whose existence has been hitherto either totally unknown or unheeded. These people form a small distinct nation of a simple patriarchal character in the bosom of the Pyrenean mountains, called the Republic of Andorre, which is thus described by Mr Murray:—

"The Republic of Andorre, situated upon the southern side of the Pyrenees, and beyond the natural frontier of France, ought from its physical position to belong to Spain. It is, however, considered as a neutral and independent province, although it is to a certain extent connected with both countries; to Spain by its religious, to France, by its civil government. The history of this little country presents a phenomenon well worthy the attention and study of the naturalist and the politician. It affords the almost solitary instance of a people, few in number, and, in comparison with their powerful neighbours, almost incapable of defence, having preserved during twelve centuries their independence and their institutions uninjured by the many revolutions which have so frequently convulsed the two great kingdoms which surround it. The contented and unambitious minds of its inhabitants, with their seclusion from the world, and indifference to or ignorance of the political intrigues and commotions which have overthrown and subverted its many states, has for such a length of time secured to them, as the feudatory republic of France, more real and substantial liberty than was ever enjoyed under the purest of the Italian republics.

Andorre is composed of three mountain valleys, of the basin formed by the union of those valleys, and its embouchure, which stretches towards the Spanish Urgel. Its valleys are the wildest and most picturesque in the Pyrenees, and the mountains, with their immense peaks, which inclose it, amongst the highest and most inaccessible. Its length from north to south may be six-and-thirty miles; from east to west, thirty. It is bounded on the north by Arriège; on the south by the district of Urgel; on the west by the valley of Pallais; and on the east by that of Carol. It contains six communes; Andorre, the chief town, Canillo, Enchamp, La Massane, Urduin, Saint Julien, and above thirty villages or hamlets. The government is composed of a council of twenty-four; each commune electing four members, who are chosen for life. The council elect a Syndic, who convokes the assemblies, and takes the charge of public affairs. He enjoys great authority; and when the assemblies are not sitting, he has the complete government of the community.

It is to Charlemagne that Andorre owes its independence. In 790, that prince having marched against the Moors of Spain, and defeated them in the neighbouring valley of Carol, the Andorrians (following the tradition of the country, the only, but in a state like this the best authority to rely upon) rendered themselves so useful to the French army, supplying them with provisions, and taking care of their wounded, that the emperor, to recompense them for their kindness, made them independent of the neighbouring princes, delivered them from the Moors, and permitted them to be governed by their own

laws. After him, Louis le Debonnaire, whom the Andorrians style the pious, having driven the Moors across the Ebro, ceded to Lisebus, the Bishop of Urgel, a part of the rights over Andorre which Charlemagne had reserved to himself and his successors. It was in virtue of this grant that the Bishop of Urgel acquired a right to a part of the tithes of the six parishes, and still exercises a spiritual jurisdiction over the country. This is the only manner in which it has any dependence upon Spain.

Afterwards the Counts of Foix exercised in Andorre the rights of the crown of France, in the name of their sovereign, but more frequently upon their own account. Since Henry IV., the kings of France have maintained their rights according to the usages established by the Counts of Foix. In 1793, these rights, being considered as feudal, were abandoned, and Andorre was for a time completely separated from France; but notwithstanding this temporary independence, the Andorrians continued to preserve their attachment to that country. The inhabitants courageously resisted the violation of their territory by the Spaniards, and furnished to the French army, during the late war, both guides and assistance of every kind. At the same time they anxiously solicited the establishment of the ancient order of things, and Napoleon yielded to their wish by a decree of the 20th of March 1806. By this decree, Andorre continued to be a republic connected with France; its Viguiers, or criminal judges, being a Frenchman chosen from the department of Arriège; and paying an annual sum of nine hundred and sixty francs; for which he was to enjoy the privilege of receiving various articles of commerce free of duty from France. Thus, excepting as regards the spiritual jurisdiction of the Bishop of Urgel, which after all cannot be said to interfere with its independence any more than the Pope's ecclesiastical authority over Catholic countries can with theirs, Andorre is altogether independent of Spain; and as regards France, the annual payment it makes to that country is only in return for certain privileges which it enjoys from it, while there being so little crime in Andorre, the appointment of the French judge has been more with a view to deter criminals of that country from taking refuge in the neutral province, than for the punishment of its natives. Andorre may therefore be justly considered as the oldest free republic in existence. The population is from seven to eight thousand, quite great enough for the resources of the country. The Andorrians are all of the church of Rome, and very religious. Their clergy are in general natives, and they, and the more wealthy of the inhabitants, receive their education at Toulouse or Barcelona. Each curate, in addition to his pastoral duties, has the charge of a school, where the poor are instructed gratuitously, but this does not give him much extra trouble, few of the peasants thinking it at all necessary to send their children to school, to acquire what, in their land of shepherds and labourers, they imagine can be of little consequence to them in their future lives; this erroneous impression is the cause why few of the natives have more learning than is sufficient to enable them to read and write, and the great majority are in total ignorance of even these first principles.

The Andorrians are simple and severe in their manners, and the vices and corruptions of cities have not hitherto found their way into their valleys, still, in comparison with the rest of the world, the abode of virtue and content. The inhabitants live as their forefathers lived a thousand years before them, and the little they know concerning the luxuries, the arts, and the civilisation of other countries, inspiring them rather with fear than envy. Their wealth consists in the number of sheep or cattle they possess, or the share they may have in the iron forges, only a very few of their number being the proprietors of any extent of land beyond the little garden which surrounds their cottage. Each family acknowledges a chief, who succeeds by right of primogeniture. These chiefs, or eldest sons, choose their wives from families of equal consideration with their own, repudiating mes-alliances, and looking little to fortune, which is always very small upon both sides. The eldest son has, even during the lives of their parents, a certain status, being considered as the representatives of their ancestors; they never leave the paternal roof until they marry, and if they marry an heiress, they join her name to their own; and unless married, they are not admitted to a charge of public affairs. When there are only daughters in a family, the eldest, who is an heiress, succeeds as an eldest son would do, is always married to a cadet of another, who adopts her name, and is domiciled in her family; and by this arrangement, the principal Andorrian houses have continued for centuries without any change in their fortunes. They are married by their priests, after having had their banns, as in England, proclaimed in their parish church for three successive Sundays. The poorest of the inhabitants in Andorre are not so badly off as in other countries; they want as few and easily supplied; the opulent families taking care of those who are not; and they in gratitude, honour and respect their benefactors.

The Andorrians are in general strong and well-proportioned; the greater part of the diseases proceeding from the moral affections are unknown, as well as those from vice and corruption. The costume of the men is simply composed of the coarse brown cloth made from the wool of their own sheep; it resembles that worn by the peasants of Bigorre, with this difference, that the Andorrians wear the flowing red cap of the Catalans: the women dress exactly as the Catalan (or Spanish) women do. Crime of every kind is very rare, and the punishments awarded to culprits are, although mild, sufficiently effectual. There are no lawsuits relative to paternal successions; and should disputes of any kind arise, they are at once referred to the Syndic, whose decision is never controverted. All the males are liable to serve as militia, should they be required, and every head of a family is obliged to have in his possession at all times a musket and a certain quantity of powder and balls.

Commerce of every kind is free in Andorre, but as its industry is only employed in the manufacture of the most indispensable articles—and these are of the most indifferent

Andorra—it has little to exchange for the produce of other countries, excepting its iron, the whole of which is sold in Spain, the high duties prohibiting its entrance into France."

Mr Murray, in making his excursion into the territory of Andorra, most unfortunately arrived at a time when the country was disturbed by the conflicts of the Spanish Carlists and Christians. Reaching Escaldas, which he describes as an exceedingly dirty, curiously fashioned village, he is waited upon by the Maire or chief magistrate for any information he could give regarding the Spanish marauders. "Among those (says he) who came to make inquiries at us, was the Maire of the village, an honest miller, and a friend of Etienne's, who insisted that we should come, and eat what dinner his humble cottage could afford us. Etienne and I promised that we would come to the Maire at three o'clock—a very fashionable hour for Escaldas, but there was public business to be transacted to-day, and private comfort being as nought compared with the public weal, the Maire must needs postpone his dinner two hours later than usual, in order to preside at an assembly of the community, where the precautionary measures which it had been judged necessary to adopt, were to be communicated to the inhabitants. Of course I resolved to be present at this republican congress, and in order to do so, and afterwards dine with the Maire, I gave up my intention of quitting Escaldas that night. As the meeting was not to take place immediately, and Etienne wished to call upon some of his acquaintances in the village, I accompanied him, and had thus an opportunity of visiting some twenty families in it. I found the interior of all the houses arranged in the same manner, and all equally filthy. The women were in general handsome, and, indeed, many of them only wanted the scrubbing-brush and soap to have rendered them beautiful. The interior of an Irish cabin—beasts, pigs, poultry, jackasses, and all—was infinitely preferable to the most cleanly of the houses which I visited in Escaldas."

By the time that Etienne and I had made our calls in the village, it was the hour of assembling at the Maire's. The council-hall upon this occasion was the barn or granary attached to the mill, and was quite large enough to contain the greater part of the male population of the village. Business had commenced before we arrived, and the room was almost filled, but we found that our friend the Maire had not forgotten us, for he had reserved a couple of stools, out of the few which surrounded a little table at which he presided, for our especial use. Although this was not a regular council of the republic, at which the Syndic would have presided, it was still a curious and original assemblage of free-born and independent men; and novel and interesting from its being the first republican assembly I had ever been present at. Upon a three-legged stool sat the president, a strong, well-built, and energetic looking personage; to all appearance, by no means ill adapted to be the chief of such a group as surrounded him. There might be about eighty individuals present; the younger part of whom stood in groups, while the elders were seated upon the sacks and skins which were scattered around.

The Maire had already furnished the assembly with the details of the incursions of both the Spanish parties, and impressed upon the meeting the urgent necessity of preserving the independence of the republic, by adopting measures calculated to secure to it the respect to which it was entitled, and repel and punish the violation of their territories. From the council-hall, or barn, we adjourned, with the Maire, to the sanctuary of his dining-room, kitchen, or bedroom, where we found the lady mayoress, her daughters, and sons, awaiting our presence. The apartment was certainly superior to any which I had entered in the village, for it contained chairs instead of stools; one of which had actually arms to it. The bed recesses had pieces of drapery hanging down before them, and there was a greater abundance of dishes. But, what at once gave dignity and character to the house, and, independent of all other considerations, would have fully justified the villagers of Escaldas in their choice of a Maire, was his being the owner of half-a-dozen pewter spoons, and a full dozen of knives and forks—steel or iron, it does not signify which—with bone handles. No wonder the mayoress was proud of them; they were the only articles of the kind in the village.

Dinner was soon announced by the hissing of the soup, as it was emptied into the wooden tureen, which was placed upon the centre of the long narrow pine-table, which was covered with a clean but greyish-white tablecloth. A spoon and a plate were set before each individual; and, all being seated, the Maire pulled the tureen towards him, helped himself, and pushed it round; the next person did the same; and so on. Then followed a large brown loaf, from which each person cut a pound, or more, of bread. The soup was composed of vegetables and bread; and a piece of pork, which afterwards made its appearance, had been boiled in it. The soup was removed, and fowls, fish, and the piece of pork, succeeded. This constituted our dinner, and only wanted the few elegancies of civilised life, to have made it worthy of the table of the lady mayoress of any country town in France or England.

Anxious to see as much as possible of the manners and customs of the Andorrans, I made Etienne inquire as to the possibility of our assembling the villagers to a dance in the evening. The Maire sanctioned the proposal; the hall of state was to be the rendezvous. Shortly after seven, the whole dancing population of the place were assembled in the council-hall, barn, or ball-room, dressed in their holiday suits; and I could observe that some of the ladies whose acquaintance I had formed in the morning, had evidently been having their dark countenances in the stream, and justified the supposition, that there was more necessity for soap and water than for Rowland's Kalydor, to purify their complexions. There was no scarcity of musicians, where almost every lad could jingle the strings of the guitar, or beat time with the triangle. The Andorrian dances are almost the same as those of the Arragonese, and other Spanish peasantry; but the women do not trip it so lightly as the Spanish women,

and the men have not that ease and elegance displayed by the Spaniard in the performance of his native dances. The Andorrian dances, however, are not by any means deficient in spirit and activity, set after set succeeding each other without one moment's cessation; the instruments were only laid down by those who were going to dance, to be taken up by those who had finished; and so on it continued for several hours, both ladies and gentlemen occasionally invigorating themselves with a pull from the strange decanters, which, as patron of the ball, I took care to have well filled. About eleven, Etienne and I retired, leaving the party in full glee, the Maire presiding over the remainder of the cake of wine, and encouraging the dancers with his voice as he beat time with his fists upon the barrel."

THE STORY ABOUT ME AND A HORSE.

BY JOHN MUIRHEAD, HOSIER IN PAISLEY.

ON the afternoon of a sultry day in August, mair than twenty years since, I left my shop to take a walk by myself intill the outskirts o' the town. There is little ado in our line o' business at that season o' the year, and the 'prentice could weel enough stand in my place for an hour or twa; so, wi' my mind perfectly at ease on that score, I could whiles, as at this time, saunter out to the fields, casting other matters through my thoughts besides my ain affairs.

At this particular time my mind was deeply oppressed wi' grief, thinking on the miserable and horrid state o' public affairs then prevailing in the world. For, though I am but a plain shopkeeper, and in but a sma' way, I have aye used the privilege of a rational being in taking interest in whatever concerned deeply my fellow-creatures. And, oh, but I was sick and sair at heart to be seeing every day the mustering and drilling, the marching and countermarching of men in hundreds and thousands armed for deeds o' violence, and to be hearing continually of the battles and butcheries o' war! Surely I was born out o' due season, for, when their folk were rejoicing in what they ca'd great successes and glorious victories, I was mourning in secret at the guilty cruelty and senseless pride in bluidshedding that had seized on the hearts o' young and auld, and folk o' every description. It's no that I was blind to the manliness and courage o' my countrymen in the midst o' the mony terrible dangers they had to face during thae awfu' times, or that I could blame this man or that man for setting nation against nation, and spreading ruin and murder over the earth. I was proud o' British manhood, and o' every thing turning really to Britain's advantage, and I didna imagine I could exactly tell wha was to blame for a' that I lamented; but my mind was sair racket to guess at hoo the jarring was to end, or what it was to issue in. I could see naething to come but fearfu' calamities among the nations, and a growing savageness among men, that seemed to be fast smothering every spark o' kindness and reason in their breasts, and converting them into passionate, boasting, unsettled destroyers, and reckless untinted revellers in every kind o' carnal indulgence.

Wi' sic thoughts lying heavy on my heart, I wandered a mile or twa unwittingly out o' the town. In coming hame again, I turned into a pasture field to rest myself a wee on the grass, and get the shadow o' the hedge between me and the sun. I streekit myself at full length on the turf, and, wi' upturned face, lay glowering through between my fingers at the calm settled sky abune me, speckled like the breast o' a mavis wi' thin light-coloured feathery clouds, that no a breath o' win' was steering. Surely, thought I, discord and violence canna exist for ever among men, when the air they breathe, and a' the storms that ever rage in't, can settle intill sic perfect peace. As I lay in this kind o' contemplative state, between the sleeping and the waukin', I fand something saft and could touch my face, that gart me start to my elbow in a fright. And what was this but the nose of a nice bit bay-coloured poney, that had been feeding beside me in the park, and ta'en a fancy to scrape up acquaintance wi' me in sic an odd kind of a manner. When I fairly cam to myself, and saw his young simple face glowering intill mine, I couldna help breaking out into a guffaw of laughter that gart the beast start in his turn. But in a moment he was close on me again, and held his lang honest snout out to me, courting, as it were, to be clappit and scartit, and straikeit by the hair, the whilk I did till weariness, and to his manifest contentment. "Awel," says I, "my puir dumb frien', ye maybe havena muckle gumption, and nae doubt a tête-a-tête wi' you is less interesting than wi' some folk I could name, and mony a nee wad think me daft to be palavering in this way wi' the like o' you; but, daft here or daft there, I would prefer your silly,

frien'ly, innocent fainness, and your neighbourly, simple kindness o' heart (four-fitted though ye be), to the boss, meaningless professions o' mony a prideful, selfish, in-and-in drawing creatur, that thinks himself a man." At last, however, I grew tired a wee o' his smoke-smoking, and the continual whisking o' his tail, instead o' words, to show his kindness; for a dumb beast is but a dull companion after a'. But he didna seem inclined to be dune wi' me in a hurry; so, just in the way o' a hint to make himself scarce, I gied his fetlocks a smart twitch between my finger and thumb, that sent him aff in a jiffy. It was plain the puir beast took this in the way o' a joke, and if he had been possessed o' the risible muscles, beyond a doubt would have laught outright. In sic manner as he could, however, he expressed his sense o' being tickled exceedingly, cantering hereawa and thereawa, up an' down, and a' airts, till he wrought himself fairly intill a state o' funniness that gart him cut capers worth gaun a mile to see. He was just in the vera prime o' poneyhood, plump and sleek, and a neat-shaped, mettlesome creatur was he. But oh, he was a light-headed goose when once he fairly broke out in his glee. At as time he wad be standing stock-still wi' his legs at full cock, or stepping slowly through the grass like a beast timorous for something lying in its way; at another, racing against his ain shadow across the park like ane demented; noo rearing on his hind en', or pawing the grun' at a proud gallop, and showing aff the neatness o' his wide-set sma' fore-legs, and the gauzy breadth o' his roomy counter; then heaving up his head and mane, and rinnin' sideways like a crab, or darting aff again at full stretch and speed till a new bee cam in his head, and gart him change the antic to something else.

In the midst of a' this daffin', I observed a genteelly-drest callant, to appearance about fourteen year auld, come in at the yett, carrying a saddle and bridle, and other horse-gear in his arms, and a silver-headed switch in his mouth. "Oho!" thought I, "my frien' the poney maun gang to work noo after his play." But it wasna sae easy to spoil his fun, but the gamesome monkey keptit jinking his young master lang and weel, and it wasna till he ceased chasing him, and had stood patiently awhile coaxing and fleecing him by name (it was Buffy he ca'd the beast), that either saddle or bridle could be gotten on. At last the strapping and buckling was finished, and Buffy's young master got astride o' him, and a proud wee fellow was he, and just as proud was Buffy. Forrit they gaed prancing, and really the conceit that might hae sair'd the hale worl', appeared to be shared between that wee horse and his wee rider. But prancing wadna please them. I canna tell whether it was Buffy or his master that first took the freak o' trying a jump over the hedge, instead o' gaun out wisklike by the open yett; but jump they wad, and set about it, to a' appearance equally willing, in a canter that wad alloo o' nae stopping short or hauding back. Over then they gaed like a fire-flaucht, and a pityfu' jump they made o't. For though the thorn stumps were laigh at the place compared wi' ither parts o' the hedge, they were far higher than the puir bit short-legged poney could clear. A wild cry frae the callant was the first notice I got that something serious had happened; so I ran to the spot, and fand him safe enough himself, but in a state o' desperation about his horse; and, indeed, it was little wonder. Buffy was lying motionless, and, to a' appearance, nearly killed outright. The bluid was spouting fast frae several places o' his body, and, by the way it lay, it seemed likely that some o' his legs were broken or disjointed. My heart filled fou' when I saw the puir beast lying in sic a condition sae shortly after a' its fun and daffin'; and when I saw his big black shining een turn full upon me, I thought I could read in them, along wi' an expression o' the deepest agony, something like a claim on me for sympathy and help. I thought the wee fellow wad greet his een out when he saw his poney in sic a plight; but he suffered a sairer vexation, when, after muckle faucht, the beast was brought hame. The callant's father was a burly ill-gien auld tyke, and, instead o' pity for his bairn, and the mishanter he was like to break his heart about, he threatened the puir thing cruelly, and broke out into awfu' raging and curses. And naething wad he hear o' trying to mend the poney, as some thought was possible. He wad neither let ane nor another tye nor bandage ony thing about it, and neither farrier nor horse-doctor wad he send for. "To the tanyard wi't, to the tanyard," was a' he wad say; and to the tanyard it wad have been sent undoubtedly, if a coal-carter hadna offered him a few shillings mair for the leeving beast than could be gotten for its hide. Awa' then gaed puir Buffy to be doctor'd and taen care o' in a coarse way, only till he wad be fit for a state o' bondage and slavery, ten times waur than death. It had been less seriously hurt, however, than had at first appened, or else, by passing intill the coalman's hands, it had, in some mysterious way, gotten the steave grip o' life that's sae often remarkit in coal-horses, and guid for naething creatures o' a' descriptions, for it soon began to take the meat o' no that ill, and to gang in a limping kind o' manner, though it was plain it suffered sair pain at every step.

Buffy seemed evidently to take great pleasure in seeing aye the bit kind-hearted callant that used to ride him; and weel he might, for it was to him that the puir beast was behaiven for a' the corn and beans it tasted after passing intill the coalman's aught. That

callant maun hae had an angel o' a mother, when he could be sae tender-hearted, an' the son o' sic a father! I saw him at the coalman's door that morning that Buffy was to be yokit for the first time in the cart, and set to work. There was nae wanton pawing hoo, nor skittish side-breezing in its pow, puir thing; but wi' a miserable hippling and a pitiful hinging o' the head, it was led out o' the shed it stood in for a stable. The tears cam' ower the wee chap's een when he saw his auld favourite, muffled at the knees wi' dirty clouts, stan'ing to be fastened between the trams o' a rickety coal-cart, wi' the miserable gathering o' jingling and horny auld horse graith, knotty bits o' rape, and wisps o' strae, that the carter, but in joke surely, ca'd the breeks an' brecham. But just at the outset, when the puir beast tried, but was pincht, to draw the toom cart through a deep dirty shough forenent the door, and Norman Reid, the coalman, had raised his whip to strike it wi' unmerciful force, the callant catcht his arm in terror, and cried, "Don't! oh, don't!—dinna strike Buffy—ye maunna strike him."

"Get out o' my gate, ye puppy," cried Norman, pushing him aside a yard or twa, and lashing the horse furiously till he himsel' was out o' breath; "a pretty like story if I'm no to get creeshing my ain beast. Faith, he'll no rest in my aught wi' the fu' cart, let abee the toom ane." "Come, come, frien'," says I, "this'll never do; if that's the usage ye mean to gie the puir creature, I'll rather buy't frae ye mysel', if ye're no a' the greedier about a price." The fecklessness and pitiful lameness o' the beast that made me fain to get it out o' his hands made Norman just as willing to be quat o't, so I had little trouble in driving a bargain wi' him, and getting Buffy lowed out o' his cart on the spot. If this was a deliverance to the horse, it was nae less to the bit callant. His joy was fairly beyont measure. He jumpit and flang, and kent na what to make o' himsel' for gladness, and aye noo and then gripit it roun' the neck, clappit it, and straikit it, and wad have kist it but for shame. It had never a'this time crossed my mind that I had nae use whatever for the horse, even though he had been soun' and fit for work; nor had I passed a thought about what I was to do wi' a beast in sic a lamentable condition. After thinking lang and weel on the matter, I saw naething that could be done but to pay a trifle to a cowfeeder in our gate-en' for the privilege o' letting Buffy gang out and in wi' the kye, and feed or rax his leather at his will among them in the parks. And this was what I did; and though the trifle that it cost was mair than I weel could afford at the time, and might be said, and indeed was said, to be a piece o' great extravagance in a man like me, that had naething to spare, yet I canna weel see what else I could have done in the circumstances.

Some folk have a strange pleasure in jeering their neighbours about matters neither funny enough to make sport o', nor sae discreditable as to be proper for the subject o' a dry-shaving jibe. I experienced this particularly in the affair o' the horse. For a while it was a never-failing joke among my acquaintances to meet me wi' a—"Weel, John, hoo is your charger?" "When had ye ony dealings in horse-flesh?" "Have ye been forewasting the tanners again?"—or, "it's surely gude trade wi' ye, John, when ye can keep a riding-horse." I could ha'e despised a'this silly ill-bred ragging, or laucht it ower without a thought, if my business had been thriving as weel as I could have wished. But unluckily this was not the case. I was gradually gaun back in circumstances, and this my unfeeling tormentors kent fu' weel. At last, wi' a sair heart, I fand my transactions brought to a dead stall—still. In fact, I had to stop payments!—had to fail!—break!—become an insolvent—a bankrupt! Nae doubt I might deserve blame for fishing my head about national concerns when my ain affairs were ought but prosperous, and may be, instead o' interesting mysel' wi' the misfortunes o' a horse, I should have been striving mair earnestly to stave misfortune aff my ain door-step; but folk that employ a'their time in hoarding the penny, an' a'their thoughts about themself's, are may be just as far to blame, if what's best for a' be the proper rule o' conduct, as I believe it is. It amazes me noo how I ever managed to show face after my failure; but necessity has nae law, sae I just put a stout heart to a stay brae, and met my creditors as calmly as I could.

I made a plain an' full statement to them that caused but little remark, for nae o' them seemed to doubt o' its being the true state o' my affairs. Ane o' them, however, a peevish cat-witted body, that I was little indebted to, said he had been informed that I was a foolish extravagant person, and had actually squandered the money I ought to ha'e payt my debts wi' in buying a useless lame horse, and keeping it at the grass.

This was touching me to the quick, so I defended mysel' warmly, and pointed out the fact that I had paid for the horse aff the sum set down as the cost o' my ain maintenance, which ane and a' o' them had acknowledged to be moderate, and that I would never be ashamed of showing humanity to a puir brute beast.

When I had finished, my principal creditor, a Quaker frae Hawick, who had scarcely spoken a word before, but sat looking doucely frae beneath the brim o' his braid hat, and paying great attention to a'that was said, started smartly to his feet, and stepping across the room to where I stood, shook me heartily by the hand, and said he approved highly of my conduct, and would

settle wi' me on my ain terms, and renew my credit cheerfully. His example was followed by the rest without a word o' discussion, and I began again in business, and managed before lang to pay them a'twenty shillings the pound. And, noo, without bragging, I may say I can afford to buy a horse, and keep a horse, without asking the leave o' ony body.

ASCENT OF THE SUGAR LOAF ROCK.

[A series of articles which appeared in the Dublin University Magazine, under the title of "Scenes from the Life of Edward Lascelles, Gent." has been republished in two small volumes. The hero is a naval officer, and narrates his own adventures in a lively and entertaining style, much after the manner of Tom Cringle, Peter Simple, and other heroes of the same kind. We have found the book eminently entertaining, and, as a specimen of its contents, present an adventure of Mr Lascelles in company with his coxswain Wolfe, while stationed in command of a slave-preventing party, on Flat Island, near the Mauritius.]

I HAD already spent about three weeks upon Flat Island, and I had explored every corner of my dominions several times over, with the proud consciousness of being "monarch of all I surveyed!" In the whole circuit there was not a rock or shrub with which I was not familiar; not a hare's form or gannet's nest to which I could not almost have approached blindfold.

Within about half a mile up the coast from our little harbour, however, a tall insulated rock, called the Sugar Loaf, shot up in solitary stateliness, sheer out of the water. On this rock I had never yet set foot; and for the purpose of changing the scene, I determined one day to explore it; hoping at the same time to find a sufficient number of eggs among its crannies to reward my labour. Accordingly, having left a few look-outs, properly stationed, with orders to fire a musket should any vessel be seen nearing the island, I manned the galley with a couple of men, and, taking Wolfe as my attendant, I set forward on my expedition.

It was a lovely morning for a pleasure excursion. The breeze was light, the water gently rippled, and a glorious tropic sun rode high in the clear azure of the heavens. "Merrily, merrily went the bark," bounding buoyantly through the harmless waters; and ere many minutes had elapsed, we found ourselves under the lee of the Sugar Loaf. It was a threatening, dark-browed rock; its lower part rising perpendicularly out of the water, while its summit hung beetling outwards, and nodded fearfully ower our heads.

We lay to for a moment to contemplate it, and to consider how it was possible to ascend to the top. But never was there rock more forbidding to the climber. Steep, unbroken, wall-like masses of stone, girded its base, while its brow hung threateningly ower the water; seeming, as it were, to dare us to the ascent. A shelving platform of rock, about ten or twelve feet in width, tangled with sea-weed, and washed by the rising and receding waves, seemed to form the foundation of this massive superstructure. Upon this rock, having backed in the boat stern foremost, Wolfe and I leaped without much difficulty; and ordering the men to lie off on their oars till our return, we set forward on our survey.

In the solid unbroken façade of the lofty wall of rock, that rose perpendicularly from the platform on which we stood, there was not a single projecting angle to clasp, nor the smallest crevice into which the foot of the climber might be inserted. Encrusted with limpets festooned with tendrils of dark-coloured seaweed, and dripping with the spray which, ever and anon, was thrown ower it by the rising waves, it stood in insurmountable majesty before us.

An ascent at this place, therefore, being impossible, we passed onwards along the slippery edge of the weed-tangled platform, in search of some more accessible spot; nor was it long till we discovered a narrow zig-zag fissure, scarcely wide enough to admit the foot, but presenting, at various distances, as if the rock had been rent asunder by some convulsion of nature, small projecting notches, which might easily be grasped by the hand.

"Well, Wolfe," I said, as I ran my eye up this not very apposite-looking ladder, "shall we try it here?" "Why, sir," replied Wolfe, touching his hat with rather a remonstrative gesture, "the ascent is a dangerous one, sir; and before we are half way up, we shall wish ourselves down again." "True," said I; "but then it is the only accessible spot we can find." "Under your favour, sir," said Wolfe, "is there any necessity for going up at all?" "Necessity! why, no; not any necessity! But I've made up my mind to be on the top; and on the top, accordingly, I shall at least endeavour to be." "As you please, sir!" replied Wolfe; "though, under your favour, I think it scarcely worth while to risk our necks for the value of a few boobies' eggs." "You seem afraid, Wolfe," said I; "but you're quite welcome to remain below. For my own part, I am determined to go; so there's an end of it." "Afraid! sir," said Wolfe, rather laughingly; "I never was afraid of any thing. Come, sir; there's no use losing time; let us mount!"

Accordingly, without further parley, we breasted the rock, and commenced the ascent; I taking the lead, and Wolfe following close behind.

It was an arduous undertaking, and, as I have often thought since, a very fool-hardy one. To trust mainly to the strength of our arms, and swing ourselves upwards, by means of the little projecting angles I have already mentioned, was our only alternative. Only now and then, and at considerable dis-

tances, could we find an opportunity of supporting ourselves by our feet; so that, for the most part, we had to trust our weight entirely to our hands, which were not a little lacerated by the sharp edges of the rock we were obliged to clasp. Nor dared we allow ourselves a moment's breathing time, during our perilous progress; for, so loosely were the little notches on which we depended connected with the main rock, that had we ventured to hang upon them for an instant, they would probably have been detached by our weight, and ourselves precipitated to the bottom.

Totally out of breath, with bleeding hands and aching arms, it was not without considerable delight, that, after an ascent of about fifty feet, my eyes came on a level with a small platform of between two and three feet square, indented, as it were, into the face of the rock. Upon this, with a single effort, I threw myself, enjoying the prospect of a few minutes' rest; but scarcely was I securely balanced on my precarious prop, when I saw Wolfe, about a foot lower down, hanging with both hands to a small angular notch, that seemed shaking in its infirm socket, as if about to separate from the parent rock! A single reach of his arm would have placed him on the enviable platform on which I stood. "For God's sake, Mr Lascelles!" he cried, looking up with a face of consternation, "go on and leave a little room, sir, or I shall be precipitated to the bottom!" "I cannot stir an inch farther at present," I replied; "but, quick! catch at my foot, and sway yourself up; here is room enough for us both."

Scarcely had I uttered these words, when the notch on which my poor comrade hung broke off, and, falling with a rumbling noise down the face of the rock, plunged into the sea. Just as it gave way, Wolfe, with an effort of desperation, stretched himself up, and in an instant his brawny hand was clasped round my ankle. It was a perilous attempt for us both. Unsteadied by the weight, I staggered; and I would certainly have fallen from my place, had I not held firmly on by a projecting mass of rock at my side. Poor Wolfe, in the meantime, saw my danger.

"Say the word, Mr Lascelles," he cried; "say the word, and I let go my hold. Shall I come, or shall I not?" "Come! and be quick!" was my only reply; and with one strong effort, Wolfe swung himself up, and stood at my side. The small ledge of rock on which we were now poised, was not, as I have said, more than two or three feet square; indeed, so narrow was the space, that we were obliged to clasp each other round the body to prevent ourselves from falling off. On two sides, this little platform was walled in by the adjacent rock, which rose up perpendicularly behind us, to a sufficient height to admit of our standing in a crouching position; it then took an outward direction, and, projecting horizontally forwards, hung ower our heads—a black and craggy canopy. On its other two sides the platform was open, and the rock dipped sheer down from its edge, till it was lost, full fifty feet below, amid the surf and spray of the ocean. Scarcely dared we hazard a look beneath, to where our diminished galley rode buoyantly on the surging waters, so dizzy and bewildering was the prospect.

We stood for some time in silence, for there was something too appalling in our situation to admit of speech. The wind whistled and howled among the rents and fissures of the rock; the sea leaped and roared far beneath, as if eager to engulf us; and the scared sea-fowl flew screaming, in eddying circles, round the places where we stood.

To have attempted to descend by the same path we had come up, would have been madness; and as for mounting higher, our progress upwards seemed completely cut off by the mass of rock that hung threateningly ower our head. "Have you considered what we ought to do, Mr Lascelles?" said Wolfe, at last. "We cannot remain here much longer; I almost think I feel the rock trembling under us." "I see nothing we can do," I replied. "It appears equally impossible to get either up or down." "Why, as to getting down, sir," said Wolfe, "that we might manage by a leap; and if we had deep water to plunge into, I would not mind trying it a rope's end. But I have no notion of jumping on that broad rocky platform at the bottom, and being smashed to a jelly in the fall." "Not to be thought of," I replied. "But what do you advise to be done?" "One thing, sir, I think is clear. There's no use remaining on this miserable point of rock, to be devoured piecemeal by seagulls and boobies; so, if we can't go down, we must just determine to go up, and trust to chance for finding some easier place of descent." "Go up!" I replied. "From the place where we stand, to go up is utterly impossible." "Difficult, sir," said Wolfe, "but I do not think impossible. I observed this place from beneath, and I am satisfied that the black-looking canopy ower our heads is merely a ledge of the rock jutting out from the main mass—just as the canopy of a pulpit, sir, juts out from the wall of the church. At least so it seemed to me from below; and I think if we could once get upon the top of it, we might then manage to mount still higher." "If we could get upon the top of it," said I; "but how is this to be done?" "I can't tell you how it is to be done, sir," said Wolfe; "but I'll at least show you how it is to be attempted! Remain you, in the meantime, where you are, sir. If I succeed, I can easily pull you up after me; if I fall, why, when all's done, what is it but an end of Dick Wolfe, who must die

one day at any rate. Farewell, sir, should we never meet again." "Tis madness to attempt it," I cried. "Stop! consider what you do!" "Never say die, while there's a shot in the locker, sir; that's my maxim. So here goes!"

Before I could interfere to prevent him, the intrepid fellow stretched his hands upwards, and grasping a projecting part of our rude rocky canopy, he was in an instant swinging in mid-air by the arms. Without shifting the position of his hands, but pulling himself upwards by sheer muscular force, his head and shoulders were soon hid from my view, while his legs and the lower part of his body hung dangling over the edge of the rock.

It was a moment of painful suspense to me. As to whether he was likely to succeed in his design, or be precipitated to the bottom, I could not form the slightest conjecture, for not a sound of fear or of hope escaped the gallant fellow's lips. Slowly and gradually, however, his quivering limbs were drawn upwards, till they entirely disappeared; and, the next moment, my ears were saluted from above by a loud and spirit-stirring "Hurrah!"

That he had succeeded in reaching the top of the ledge, which hung frowning over the place where I stood, I was now certified; but how I should be able to follow him in so difficult an ascent, still seemed a mystery. Presently, however, a bare arm was suspended over the edge of the canopy, the huge brawny tendons of which seemed almost sufficient to lift the rock itself. At the same time, the voice of Wolfe was heard hallooing from above,

"All's right, Mr Lascelles. Catch hold of my hand, and trust yourself to me." "Are you firm?" I cried out. "Ay, ay, sir, as the rock itself." "Then hold fast—here goes!" Stretching myself up as far as I could, I succeeded in grasping him with both my hands round the wrist. For one moment I was swinging to and fro in the air; the next I stood in safety beside my trusty comrade. The space we now occupied was considerably larger than that which we had just left; but a tall mass of black rock, yet to be surmounted, frowned threateningly over us. "Follow me, sir," said Wolfe. "We must not halt till we get to the top;" and he forthwith commenced the ascent, I following behind.

The rock here was more craggy and broken than it was below, and afforded greater facilities to the climber. Without much difficulty, we succeeded in passing from one ledge to another, till at length, to our inexpressible joy, we found ourselves on the highest summit of all—a round flat space, of some fifty or sixty feet in diameter. "Now for a splice of the main-brace," Wolfe, said I, producing a small flask of spirits. "Ay, ay, sir; here's luck to us down again," and the worthy coxswain quaffed as much at a draught as would have sufficed to make most heads undrunk.

Having reached the top, half of our labour was accomplished; our next anxiety was, how we were to reach the bottom. "Had we not better try the other side of the rock?" I suggested. "Never, sir," said Wolfe; "it would be utter madness. The weather-side of a rock, in these constant winds, becomes brittle and trustless. The very birds that hover over our heads would not venture to perch upon the weather-side of the Sugar Loaf. But here," he continued, "is a place where we might venture. The rock here, sir, you will observe, is shelving and rugged, and affords some opportunity of clinging by our hands, when our footing is faithless. Shall we try?" "Certainly," I replied; "if you advise it." "Then let us strip to the trousers, sir. I am too old a cragsman to trust myself, in a difficult descent, with a weight of clothes upon my back. Nothing like a bare foot for a slippery footing!"

We stripped accordingly, as he directed; and having hailed the boat to lie more off, we tossed our clothes over the precipice, in such a direction that they might easily be picked up beneath. In a few minutes we were prepared to start. "Now, Wolfe," said I, "who goes first?" "I, of course," he replied. "By no means," said I. "In such a situation as ours, all rank sinks to the ground." "Then, sir," said Wolfe, with a bitter smile, "I wish the ground would sink along with it, and leave us, without further ado, to breast the waves of old mother Ocean." "But since that's not likely to happen," I replied, "we had better settle which of us shall go first. Come! shall it be a toss-up?" "As you please, sir."

I gathered up a small piece of flat stone, and wetting it on one side with my tongue, as I had often done at school, I tossed it twirling up into the air. "Wet, or no wet?" I cried. "No wet!" said Wolfe; and no wet it was; so the lot to be first in the perilous descent fell to me. "Warily, warily, sir," said Wolfe, as I dropped over the edge of the precipice; "never loosen your hands till your foot is firm." "My foot is firm now," I replied; "come along." But scarcely had I unfastened my hands from the edge of the rock, in order to allow Wolfe to follow, when the faithless prop on which I rested began to tremble beneath me. I tried to clasp some of the protruding angles in my neighbourhood, to save myself. But in vain. My weight was too much for the stone on which I stood, which speedily detached itself from the parent rock, and bounded with a loud crash to the bottom.

Never shall I forget the sensations of that moment. I grasped at every angle I could reach; but all my efforts could only retard, not stop, my downward progress; and I was just about to give myself up to my

fate, when I found myself firmly grasped by the hair of the head, and looking up, I saw Wolfe bending over the rock above me. With the support of his arm and my own exertions, I succeeded, most unexpectedly, in once more reaching the top. "Thank God," cried the generous fellow, when I again stood at his side. "Had you fallen, Mr Lascelles, I should never have forgiven myself. No! never shall it be said that Richard Wolfe permitted a boy to precede him when danger was in the question. Come on, sir! Follow me, and trust to my directions as to placing your feet. I hope we may yet reach the bottom in safety." "Wolfe," I replied, "I dispute precedence no longer. Go on—I follow!"

With our faces turned towards the rock, and with the utmost possible caution, we again commenced the descent; my faithful comrade constantly calling out to me as we proceeded, "Place your feet here, Mr Lascelles, and here." At length, with considerable difficulty, but in perfect safety, we reached the bottom. The galley backed into the rock to receive us; and we had just stepped on board, when we were startled by the report of a musket. We pushed off with all the speed we could. Another shot was fired. They proceeded from the look-outs I had stationed on shore. "It's a small craft, sir, steering for the island," said Wolfe; "we had better make all speed to be in time to receive her." "True," I replied. "Let us take to our oars. Stretch out, men; pull for your lives!"

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

BENJAMIN WEST.

BENJAMIN WEST, President of the Royal Academy of Painting, was born on the 10th October 1738, and was the son of John West, a Quaker, residing at Springfield, a village in the interior of Pennsylvania. His father might be considered as illustrious in the annals of philanthropy, if, as Mr Galt seems to intimate, his example and exhortation had the chief influence in producing the noble decree of the Pennsylvanian legislature, for a general emancipation of the negro slaves.

It was scarcely possible that any human being could be less favourably situated for the culture of any of the arts which embellish human life, than young Benjamin. The sect to which he belonged, noted for so many estimable moral qualities, had adopted in excess the austere creed, which condemns, as ungodly and perilous, every art which aims only at amusement and ornament. He was therefore bred up under the impossibility of seeing a single specimen of the imitative arts. Only the most irresistible strength of natural genius could have enabled him to break through such a host of discouraging circumstances.

It was at the age of six that the disposition of the young painter first displayed itself. Being left to rock the cradle of an infant sister, he saw her smile in her sleep, and was so struck with the beauty of her countenance at that moment, that he snatched up a pen, and attempted to delineate it. His mother entering, shame led him to conceal what he had been doing; but she, perceiving his confusion, insisted to see it, and, viewing the drawing with evident pleasure, exclaimed, "I declare he has made a likeness of little Sally." Maternal sanction being thus given to the art, the boy was allowed full liberty to pursue it in the intervals of his school, and to delineate with the pen every object which struck his eye. A party of Indians who happened to visit Springfield, taught him to prepare the red and yellow with which they painted their ornaments; and his mother having presented him with a piece of indigo, he was thus in possession of the three primary colours. A painter, as Mr Galt justly observes, who would embody the metaphor of an artist, instructed by nature, could scarcely imagine any thing more picturesque than this real incident of the Indians instructing West to prepare the prismatic colours. About this time he heard the description of camels' hair pencils, and instantly saw how superior these must be to the rude machinery of a pen. The world, however, with which he was acquainted, presented no such object. The only substitute he could contrive, was obtained by the following expedient. He cast his eye on a favourite black cat of his father's, and having privily obtained the use of his mother's scissors, employed them in cutting off the bushy extremity of the tail. As this lasted only for a short time, he was reduced to the necessity of making large inroads on the back of grimaldine. The worthy man inwardly mourned this naked and altered appearance of his favourite, and could only ascribe it to some serious malady; till the youth, on hearing these lamentations repeated, blushing confessed the wrong he had done. He obtained an easy forgiveness from the surprised and gratified parent.

West was eight years old when Mr Pennington,

a merchant of Philadelphia, came to visit his father, and, struck with the drawings of birds and flowers which hung round the room, inquired about the boy, and promised to send him a paint-box. This he fulfilled, and accompanied it with six engravings. The sight of these objects formed a master-era in the existence of the young painter. Enraptured with the view, he could not cease touching them, unable to believe that they were real. They made him a culprit with regard to school; the whole of several days being spent in the garret with his box and canvass. The school-master lodging a complaint of his non-attendance, his mother hastened up, and surprised her son, but was soon appeased by the view of his work, which consisted not in a bare copy, but a composition from two of the engravings. It was so well executed, that he afterwards declared there were some touches in it which he had never been able to surpass.

A few days after, Mr Pennington again visited Springfield, and, delighted with the result of his presents, took the boy with him to Philadelphia. Here, in passing along the street, West saw one Williams, a painter, carrying an object which he had never before seen—a picture. The emotions which he betrayed at this moment were so extraordinary, that Williams was delighted, took him home, showed him his pictures and drawings, and gave him the works of Fresnoy and Richardson. There was no longer any doubt as to his destiny. On returning home, he announced himself as a future painter, and seems to have formed the loftiest ideas of the profession. Fired by his enthusiasm, all the boys of the school began daubing pictures, but without being able to rival their model. He now began to obtain some employment in portraits, and, in the house of a Mr Flower, where he resided for two or three weeks in that character, an intelligent lady, who acted as governess, initiated him into the first elements of history and general knowledge. Being advised by a friend to try historical painting, he produced the "Death of Socrates," which drew so much admiration, that Dr Smith, Provost of the College at Philadelphia, undertook his tuition. This judicious scholar directed his attention particularly to those objects and incidents which tended to fire his imagination, and to furnish future subjects for his pencil.

An incident occurred about this period, which showed that young West's powers of observation were already sharpened by exercise to an extraordinary extent, considering his years and comparatively limited opportunities. He happened to be taken ill with a fever, and when it subsided, was for some time so weak as to be obliged to keep his bed, and to have the room darkened. The only light admitted passed through the seams and fissures of the window-shutters. One day, while lying in this situation, he observed to his astonishment the apparitional form of a cow pass along the roof of his bed-chamber. His first impression was that his mind was impaired, and his friends entertained the same notion on learning the circumstance; but the medical attendant, when sent for, declared him free from fever or delirium. Apparitional figures of men, women, and children, followed the cow, till at last the artist became convinced that the appearances resulted from some natural cause; and rising from bed, when left alone for a time, he discovered a knot-hole in one of the shutters, on placing his hand over which, the figures were seen no more. The advantage of this discovery in furthering the delineation of natural objects, immediately struck his mind; and on recovering his health, he got a box made with one of the sides perforated, which he found of great practical use in promoting his improvement in painting. In short, without having ever heard of the instrument, he had invented the camera.

Young West had now reached the age of sixteen, and the time was come when he must make choice of a profession. His father, however gratified by his son's display of genius, felt still some scruple at making him a painter, the utility of which profession is not recognised by the Quakers. Many of his most respected neighbours pressed upon him the duty of giving the youth a sober and godly trade, and not allowing him to exercise an occupation which ministered only to the concerns of sin and vanity. The worthy man, troubled by these meditations and discourses, determined to call a general meeting of the Friends of Springfield, and to submit to them the future destination of Benjamin. A considerable difference of opinion prevailed; but at last a venerable friend rose and argued, that the talent of the young man was a manifest gift of God, which must have been bestowed for wise ends; and that painting, though liable to abuse, might be employed for the noblest purposes. These reasons were pronounced satisfactory by the meeting; an inspired sister pronounced a blessing upon him; the men laid their hands upon his head, and the women kissed him; and the young artist was sent forth into the world to exercise his vocation.

At Philadelphia and New York, Mr West found considerable practice as a portrait-painter; and he at the same time busied himself in copying every thing good that came under his eye. He produced, moreover, an original work on the subject of the "Trial of Susannah."

Having raised by his labours, and the kind assistance of his friends and patrons, a small sum of money, Mr West determined to embrace an opportunity which offered of visiting Italy. At Rome, the arrival of an American Quaker to study the fine arts, caused an astonishing sensation. He was introduced to Cardinal

Albani, and through him to the most distinguished persons then in Rome. Having painted the picture of Mr Robinson, afterwards Lord Grantham, it was shown to a large circle as the production of Mengs, the most eminent painter then in Rome, and was pronounced superior to the usual performances of that artist. Mengs was so generous as not to be mortified, but contracted a friendship for West, and gave him his best advice. The artist was strongly impressed also by an interview with a famous improvisatore, to whom the Romans gave the flattering name of Homer, and who, delighted with the novelty of the subject presented to him, pronounced an extempore oration, which, if we may judge by the following specimen, must have possessed considerable beauty. "Methinks," said he, "I behold in this young man an instrument chosen by heaven to raise in America the taste for those arts which elevate the nature of man—an assurance that his country will afford a refuge to science and knowledge, when, in the old age of Europe, they shall have forsaken her shores. But all things of heavenly origin, like the glorious sun, move westward; and truth and art have their periods of shining and of night. Rejoice then, oh venerable Rome, in thy divine destiny! for, though darkness overshadow thy seats, and though thy mitred head must descend into the dust, as deep as the earth that now covers thy ancient helmet and imperial diadem, thy spirit, immortal and undecayed, already spreads towards a new world—like the soul of man in paradise, it will be perfected in virtue and beauty more and more." Mr West, like Reynolds, was at first imperfectly sensible to the beauties of Raphael and Michael Angelo, of the latter of whom he never became any peculiar admirer. Accustomed to the quietude of a Pennsylvanian life, the agitations of Rome threw him into a fever, from which the physicians declared that he could only recover by being removed to a more tranquil scene. After his recovery, he visited all the great schools of Italy, and made a copy of the famous St Jerome of Correggio.

Mr West repaired, in 1763, to England, where he soon became acquainted with Sir Joshua Reynolds and Richard Wilson, and was introduced to other eminent men. But his chief obligations were to Dr Drummond, Archbishop of York, who engaged him to paint for him the story of "Agrippina landing with the ashes of Germanicus." The archbishop was so gratified by the performance, that he immediately introduced both the picture and the artist to the notice of George III. That monarch, endowed both with taste and discernment in the fine arts, was so delighted with it, that he thenceforth made Mr West the object of his especial favour and patronage. He suggested to him the subject of "the Final Departure of Regulus from Rome;" and the applause which the picture received at the first exhibition, was equally gratifying to the artist and to the royal patron.

Mr West was now frequently invited to spend the evening at Buckingham-house, and his majesty held long conversations with him on the best means of promoting the arts. It was to these that the plan of the "Royal Academy" owed its origin; an institution calculated, under proper management, to be beneficial to art. On the death of Sir Joshua Reynolds, in 1792, Mr West, with universal approbation, succeeded to the office of president. He painted for the king "the Oath of Hannibal," the "Death of Epaminondas," and several other subjects. For Earl Grosvenor he painted the "Death of Wolfe," so well known from the fine print of Woollet; but the novel introduction of coats, breeches, and cocked hats, into a heroic picture, was censured by the king, and by several of the best painters.

His majesty, continuing to bestow his patronage on Mr West, employed him in a truly magnificent work. It was to adorn a private chapel or oratory at Windsor, with a series of thirty-five paintings, illustrative of the history of revealed religion. On this work, with the exception of a very short suspension, seemingly occasioned by the influence of the queen, Mr West was employed without intermission till the monarch's last illness. Then, being deprived of royal patronage, he made an appeal to the public, which was completely successful. His celebrated picture of "Christ healing the Sick" was purchased by the British Institution for three thousand guineas; while his subsequent works of "Christ Rejected" and "Death on the Pale Horse," have produced large sums by their mere exhibition. Mr West had received from the king £34,187 for various pictures; a bounty, we suspect, surpassing even the boasted generosity of Leo X.

Our artist was now far declined into the vale of years. His wife, an American lady, and the object of an early attachment, died on the 16th December 1817, and thus closed a union of fifty years. This loss was deeply felt, and accelerated the decline of his health, which went on increasing till the 10th March 1820, when he expired without a struggle. His remains were interred in St Paul's Cathedral, and were honoured with a public funeral, which was attended not only by all his brethren of the art, but by many of the most distinguished personages of the kingdom.

As an artist, West will ever stand in the first rank, although critics have differed with regard to his precise merits. He painted and sketched upwards of four hundred pictures, and left more than two hundred original drawings, all of which compositions are highly valued. We may conclude this notice by saying, that in disposition, Benjamin West was mild, liberal,

and generous. His kindness, indeed, to his young professional brethren, seriously impaired his fortune. While filling the president's chair, he was to the elder artists a kind brother, and to the young a beneficent father.

SURFACE OF THE EARTH, AND SOILS.

For the edification of our agricultural readers in particular, and not without a hope of interesting all, we have gleaned and put into a connected form, the following simple and beautiful definitions of the nature of the ground and soils, from a finely conceived and well executed work—"The Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons, by the Rev. Henry Duncan," minister of Ruthwell. The subject is appropriate after our late series of articles on Geology.

"The surface of the earth is composed of ingredients which are more or less prolific, according to their nature, and the proportions in which they are intermixed. There is, first of all, simple earth, a substance which, when analysed, is found to be nothing more than abraded and disintegrated rock. It is not of itself prolific, or at least is so, only in a very slight degree, and indeed is considered by most physiologists as of no other use to plants than that of supporting them, or furnishing a medium by which they may fix themselves to the globe. Some earthy ingredients, indeed, are found in all plants, but they undergo no chemical change, and cannot properly be said to be the food of vegetables. The true nourishment of plants is water and decomposing organic matter, and these must be mixed in certain proportions with pure earth, so as to constitute soil. This is one principle on which the power of man, in rendering the soil fertile, is found to rest. He may by various processes—by mixing, for instance, with the land some vegetable or animal matter in a state of decay, where this constituent is deficient; by adding earthy materials where it happens to be redundant; by loosening it with agricultural instruments, and thus subjecting it to the influence of water, when its indurated state prevents that necessary element from penetrating; or by draining it, and thus withdrawing a superabundant supply of moisture; by any one of these means he may ameliorate the soil, and render it fertile, when it would otherwise be barren, or increase its prolific qualities when they do not yield a sufficient return.

The simple earths are produced by the decomposition of rocks, and it may be proper to show how this process takes place. This I shall do in the words of Sir Humphry Davy, who has expressed himself with much philosophical precision, and, notwithstanding the scientific terms he employs, with sufficient plainness to make his general meaning understood by an unscientific reader. "The manner in which rocks are converted into soils, may be easily conceived, by referring to the instance of soft granite. This substance consists of three ingredients, quartz, feldspar, and mica. The quartz is almost pure silicious earth, in a crystalline form. The feldspar and mica are very compounded substances, containing silica, alumina, and oxide of iron. In the feldspar there is usually lime and potassa; in the mica, lime and magnesia. When a granitic rock of this kind has been long exposed to the influence of air and water, the lime and the potassa contained in its constituent parts, are acted upon by water or carbonic acid, and the oxide of iron, which is almost always in its least oxidised state, tends to combine with more oxygen. The consequence is, that the feldspar decomposes, and likewise the mica, but the first the more rapidly. The feldspar, which is, as it were, the cement of the stone, forms a fine clay; the mica, partially decomposed, mixes with it as sand; and the undecomposed quartz appears as gravel, or sand of different degrees of fineness. As soon as the smallest layer of earth is formed on the surface of a rock, the seeds of lichens, mosses, and other imperfect vegetables, which are constantly floating in the atmosphere, and which have made it their resting-place, begin to vegetate. Their death, decomposition, and decay, afford a certain quantity of organisable matter, which mixes with the earthy materials of the rock; in this improved soil, more perfect plants are capable of subsisting. These, in their turn, absorb nourishment from water and the atmosphere, and, after perishing, afford new materials to those already provided. The decomposition of the rock still continues; and at length, by slow and gradual processes, a soil is formed, in which even forest trees can fix their roots, and which is fitted to reward the labours of the cultivator."

The processes here described are such as are at this moment proceeding on the surface of the earth. But they do not of themselves account for the phenomena which the surface of the earth at present displays. If the reader has at all attended to what has been said respecting geological changes and revolutions, he will understand in what manner these operations may have been accelerated, and the various soils thus formed may have been removed and mixed. The hand of the great Creator is as conspicuous in the one class of operations as in the other; and while we trace these operations, we should never lose sight of Him, who not only at first endowed matter with such tendencies, but who afterwards presided over and controlled all its convulsions, so as to fulfil his high behests, and finally, to produce a world so admirably fitted for the habitation of a race of rational beings, such as man.

Peaty soils are produced by very different causes from those already mentioned. They arise from the accumulation of neglected vegetable matter in moist situations. Where successive generations of vegetables have grown upon a soil, Sir H. Davy observes, unless part of their produce has been carried off by man, or consumed by animals, the vegetable matter increases in such a proportion, that the soil approaches to a peat in its nature; and, if in a situation where it can receive water from a higher district, it becomes spongy and permeated by that fluid, and is generally rendered incapable of supporting the nobler class of vegetables. Another mode in which peat has been formed, is by the gradual accumulation and decomposition of aquatic plants in shallow lakes and stagnant pools. This kind of peat is of a more loose and spongy quality, and the fermentation which takes place seems to be of a different kind, more gaseous matter being evolved. What has greatly contributed to the growth of peat, is the destruction of ancient forests, either by the operation of some natural cause, or by the hand of man. [See an article on this subject in No. 222 of Chambers's Journal.]

It is instructive to observe, in the management of soils, a principle not yet adverted to, but brought into view by this account of the origin of peat-bogs and mosses. Land, as appears by this example, is capable of deterioration by neglect or abuse, as well as of improvement by cultivation. The peaty soil of Great Britain and Ireland, and, indeed, it has been alleged, of the habitable globe, constitutes nearly one-fourth of the whole surface. This ungenial soil is constantly on the increase, wherever it is not arrested in its progress by human industry. Here, then, we have a stimulus to exertion, the very converse of that previously mentioned. The former holds out a reward to industry, the latter acts as a punishment upon negligence and sloth. This is entirely in conformity with the operations of Providence in other respects, and, indeed, in various modes, enters into all the operations of agriculture. While judicious management never fails to repay the active and intelligent cultivator by an improved soil and a liberal return, the slothful and foolish find, to their cost, that the ground cannot be neglected or abused with impunity. The field of the sluggard is quickly filled with noxious weeds, which encumber the soil and destroy the useful plants intended to be produced. Excessive or unskillful cropping reduces the soil to barrenness. In either case, the earth repents, as it were, the treatment she receives, and refuses to give forth her fertility.

From what has been said, it appears that the constituent elements of soil, as regards their general chemical properties, are very simple. There are, however, various modifications of these elements, which render the subject somewhat more complicated than it might at first sight appear. Not only are the ingredients mingled in very different proportions, but, by their chemical combinations, their appearance and properties are altered, so as to constitute soils of very different quality. All these circumstances give rise to the necessity of varied management, and a variety of agricultural implements, which increase in number and perfection in proportion as the science is better understood. In treating of this subject, with reference to the manner in which these arrangements are adapted, by Creative Wisdom, to the condition and powers of human beings, it is evident that it will be necessary to confine ourselves to a consideration of the broad and general features which it exhibits.

British soils may, in this view, be arranged into four different classes, according to the ingredient most predominant in each, namely, clayey, sandy, gravelly, and mossy. Each of these requires a different mode of cultivation. A clay soil, in whatever way it may be distinguished—by its colour of black, white, yellow, or red—differs from all other soils by being tough, wet, and cold. It holds water like a cup, and, consequently, when once wetted, does not soon dry; and, on the other hand, when once dry, is not soon saturated with moisture. In a summer without rain, the surface is covered with cracks or chinks, and is, in this way, prepared by the hand of Nature for receiving the water when it falls. In this latter state, when ploughed, it is found to be hard and cloddy, and not easily pulverised by labour; and if, on the other hand, it be ploughed when full of moisture, it sticks to the plough like mortar.

This description shows the difficulties with which the agriculturist has to contend, when such soil is subjected to his management. He must employ his art in rendering it less adhesive, both that it may become more pervious to moisture, and better fitted to admit the free insertion of the rooty fibres of the plants sown upon it. This he may effect in various ways. Top-dressings of other kinds of soil, a liberal use of lime, frequent ploughing, considerable quantities of manure, are among the means usually employed in such a case, and not employed in vain. By such means, the stiffest and most unproductive clay can be converted into a rich loam, which bountifully rewards the skill and labour bestowed on it.

Sandy soils are of a very different nature, and are subject to defects of an opposite description. When there is little foreign admixture in this kind of soil, it is light and barren, and requires a considerable addition of other earths to render it fruitful. It is, under all circumstances, loose and crumbling, and is not susceptible of equal improvement with the land already described. In dry weather, the moisture, having ra-

pidly escaped, both by evaporation and filtration, leaves the soil without a sufficient quantity of nutritive juices to bring the plants to perfection, and thus the crops must be always comparatively precarious. Much, however, may be done to counteract this defect; a remarkable instance of which is presented to us in the agriculture of Norfolk. Nearly one-half of the lands of that county were little better than a barren waste. But a judicious system of management was adopted: By a liberal use of clay and marl, and common manure, during a considerable period, a new soil may be almost said to have been created; and when a crop of clover precedes one of wheat, this plant, by acting mechanically, so as to bind the surface, and perhaps also by some unknown chemical operation during its decay, produces so favourable a state of the soil, that a very large quantity of grain is frequently the result.

A gravelly soil is nearly allied to one of sand, and is subject to similar defects; the main difference, indeed, is, that the former is mixed with small stones, generally soft, but sometimes also of a flinty or chalky nature. This soil requires to be deepened by the plough, and by frequent dressings of marl, earth, or clay, as well as enriched by liberal applications of manure. Under such management, the return in ordinary years will be liberal; but drought, as well as frequent and heavy falls of rain, is injurious; and though the cultivation is easy and unexpensive, the return is not secure.

The last kind of soil which was noticed, is that of peat-moss. This, in its natural state, does not produce plants valuable for the uses of man, but is capable of much melioration. 'The fundamental improvement of all peat soils,' says Mr Marshall, 'is drainage, which alone will, in a few years, change a boggy to a grassy surface. After being drained, the surface may be covered with earthy materials; pared and burned; followed, dug, trenched, or rolled. The celebrated Duke of Bridgewater covered a part of Chat-moss with the refuse of coal-pits—a mixture of earth and stones, of different qualities and sizes—which was brought in barges out of the interior of a mountain; and this, by compressing the surface, enabled it to bear pasturing-stock. Its fertility was promoted by the vegetable mould of the morass, which presently rose, and mixed with the heavier materials spread upon it.'

This imperfect sketch of various kinds of soils, and the means necessary for rendering them fertile, may be enough to show the kind of ingenuity and industry destined for man to apply, in rendering them more productive. As they actually exist, they render the surface of the globe sufficiently prolific for the purposes of the lower animals, and of man himself, till the population has advanced to a certain point; but the powers of increase press so rapidly on the means of subsistence, that additional food is soon demanded, and then the labours of man, as an agriculturist, commence. He finds it easy, in this way, first to alter the produce of the soil, so as to augment the quantity of plants fit for his own subsistence, and that of those herds and flocks which he has tamed and rears for his use; and he gradually learns, also, to meliorate the land, and even the climate, so that, as the population becomes more numerous, new means of subsistence may proportionally be found for it. So far as we have proceeded, I trust the position I set out with has been satisfactorily illustrated—that the condition in which the surface of the globe has actually been placed, exhibits the adaptations of a designing and intelligent mind."

THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

THE Newfoundland dog, when born or reared from an early age under the roof of man, is the most useful animal in the island, as a domestic. He answers some of the essential purposes of the horse; is docile, capable of strong attachment, and easy to please in the quality of his food: he will live upon scraps of boiled fish, whether salted or fresh, and on boiled potatoes or cabbage; but, if hungry, he will not scruple to steal a salmon, or a piece of raw salt pork from the tub in which they have been left to steep; he is likewise fond of poultry of the larger kind; but, as a beverage, nothing is equal in his estimation to the blood of sheep. The author had purchased a puppy of the true breed, which had been brought from the northward of the island to Harbour Grace. This puppy grew up to the size of a small donkey, as strong and fit for hard work as he was tractable and gentle, even with the children of the family, of whom he seemed to be particularly fond; nor was he ever known, in any one instance, to disagree with the cats of the house, whom he treated rather with a kind of dignified condescension. But the dog, unless closely watched, would run after sheep wherever he could trace them, even drive them from high cliffs into the water, and jump in after them; not, however, without first considering the elevation of the cliff; for if he thought it too great, he would run down and take the nearest and more convenient place to continue his pursuit. The owner of that dog had at one time some domesticated wild geese, one of which would follow him in his morning walks, side by side with Jowler: they seemed to live together on the best terms. Unfortunately the servant neglected one night to confine them, according to custom; the next morning the feathers of the favourite geese were found scattered in a small field adjoining to the grounds. The dog was soon after found concealed in a corner of the wool-yard, and, on his master looking at him, exhibited evident signs of conscious guilt; his master took him to the field, and pointed out to him

the feathers;—the dog, staring at him, uttered a loud growl, and ran away with all the speed of which he was capable; nor could he bear his master's sight for some days afterwards. At another time, the author had three young sheep, for which in the day-time the dog seemed to affect the utmost indifference; the servant neglected one evening to take them into their shed, and to confine the dog, and the next morning the sheep were found stretched in the back yard, lifeless, and without any other mark of violence than a small wound in the throat, from which the dog had sucked their blood. It is a remarkable circumstance, that the Newfoundland dog, when pursuing a flock of sheep, will single out one of them, and, if not prevented, which is a matter of considerable difficulty, will never leave off the pursuit until he has mastered his intended victim, always aiming at the throat; and, after having sucked the blood, has never been known to touch the carcass.

The natural colour of this dog was a perfect black, with the exception of a very few white spots. As soon as winter approached, he acquired a coat which grew to the depth of about one inch, of close coarse wool, deviating from the original colour only by an inclination to red; the long, thick, glossy hairs preserved the same colour up to the surface of the coat, and then turned generally to a perfect white; it is probable that a more constant exposure to the weather would have made the change of colour more complete. The sagacity of this animal was astonishing: on many occasions he appeared to want only the faculty of speech to make himself fully understood.

To mention another remarkable instance, which also came within the author's observation; one of the magistrates of Harbour Grace had an old animal of this kind, which was in the habit of carrying a lantern before his master at night, as steadily as the most attentive servant could do, stopping short when his master made a stop, and proceeding when he saw he was disposed to follow him. If his master was absent from home, on the lantern being fixed to his mouth, and the command given, "Go, fetch thy master," he would immediately set off to the town, which lay at the distance of more than a mile from his master's residence; he would then stop at the door of every house in which he knew his master was in the habit of frequenting, and laying down his lantern, growl and strike the door, making all the noise in his power until it was opened; if his master was not there, he would proceed farther in the same manner, until he had found him; if he had accompanied him once to a house, it was sufficient to induce him to take that house in his round. —From an old Scrap-book.

LOVE AND MOSQUITOES.

A *Bizarre* from a Cincinnati Paper.

"Good night, dearest Emma—may an angel's slumber be yours," was the parting benediction of Jazabel Godfrey, Esq., as he arose from the sofa, gently pressed a lily white hand, and bowing his graceful person into the two sides of an equilateral triangle, departed. Mr Godfrey was by profession a Corinthian—a race of bipeds not very numerous in this goodly city of Cincinnati—with huge black whiskers, and the manners of a well-bred gentleman. He loved three distinct things—fashionable clothes, Miss Emma's fortune, and himself; these so entirely filled up the little caverns of his heart, that he found it impossible to love any other object.

The fair Emma was not a beauty, nor a blue, nor a belle—neither a Di Vernon nor a Lucy Brandon, but a right down clever, feminine, mischievous, pleasant, little sprite as ever chased a butterfly or broke a heart. The night to which this narrative refers, was one of those interesting hot ones which are of not infrequent occurrence in the latter part of June. The fiery sun had sunk behind the western hills in its flaming glory, tingling with a flood of crimson and purple light, the white masses of vapour which loitered far up in the depths of the blue sky, presenting one of the most gorgeous sunsets for which this western world is unrivalled, and which alike defy the pencil of the painter and the pen of the poet. The moment of temporary separation had come, and a conversation, in which no doubt poetry and passion had been mingled, was ended. Our gallant knight, invoking for Emma's pillow those blissful slumbers of which we have spoken, took his departure.

The full round moon was now far up in the sky—a solitary light here and there twinkled from a window—the streets were deserted, and not a sound could be heard but the echo of the lover's footstep as he wandered he knew not whither. He was too happy to sleep—too romantic to retire to his chamber. He walked down to the quay, and made sundry ejaculations to the moonbeams which were sleeping on the waveless bosom of the Ohio. He strolled up Main Street to the canal, and perambulated the towpath as far as the lunatic asylum, thinking alternately of Emma and his whiskers. At last he betheought him of a serenade. True, he was unable to discourse sweet music on a lute, but he could sing; and what his voice lacked in melody, he hoped to supply in pathos. Love is always impulsive, and in a few minutes Mr Jazabel Godfrey stood beneath the windows of his Emma's chamber, from which the dim light of her lamp was struggling with the light moonbeams. Why, thought Mr Godfrey, has not that night-blooming Cereus sought her pillow? Is she sleeping? These were the thoughts that came pleasantly and refreshingly upon his mind, even as the morning shower comes down upon the young corn in the thirty month of June. For some little time after Emma and her lover had separated, she remained at the parlour window gazing on the stars, and thinking of Mr Godfrey. Upon retiring, she found the chamber window was open, the room alive with mosquitoes, and that her maid had neglected to put up the screen, which had that morning been taken to the laundress, in whose washtub it was, peradventure, still reposing. Here was an awful state of things—for Emma had one of those fair, thin skins, of which all fastidious, gourmand mosquitoes are particularly fond. She was, however, somewhat tenacious

of her beauty—what lady is not?—and the idea of having her face and hands covered with bites of these little insects was horrible—absolutely shocking. What was now to be done? She must either stand guard all night over her face, or dislodge the enemy from her tent. She resolved upon the latter. She remembered to have heard it stated by one of the lecturers in the Cincinnati Lyceum, before the demise of that institution, that the burning of aromatics would infallibly put to flight the most voracious army of mosquitoes, and she mentally thanked her stars that a love of the study of natural history had carried her to the hall of science.

She accordingly took her washbowl, descended quietly to her parlour, emptied a decanter of old Monongahela whisky into it—then sought the medicine chest in the storeroom, and added a goodly portion of essences, among which, by mistake, she poured a few ounces of castor oil, and a phial of uncture of assafetida. She found a bunch of dried pennyroyal; and this the prudent Emma crumbled between her taper fingers, and dropped in the bowl. Thus fortified, with a compound worthy of Hecate, the valiant girl again sought her chamber, resolutely bent upon a war of extermination against her bloodthirsty enemies. She placed her bowl upon the washstand, and touched the oleaginous mixture with a lamp. Instantly a low blue flame spread over the surface of the liquids, from which arose a wreathed column of odoriferous and nauseating smoke. Gradually the flame mounted higher and higher, and the odour of the burning compound became more and more offensive. The flames seemed likely to endanger the house—the smoke was producing a deadly sickness, when, at last, the frightened Emma seized the bowl, and turning quickly to the window, poured out the blazing contents, which coming in contact with the air, instantly ignited throughout, and fell in a glowing sheet of flame. This most unfortunately occurred at the precise moment when the serenading lover, with eyes upturned and mouth wide open, was giving melodious articulation to the lines:—

Look out upon the stars, my love,
And shame them with thine eyes.

He saw, it is true, the fiery stream, as it emerged from the window, but mistaking it for the purple light of love, he "stood stock still," until he was enveloped in a sheet of liquid flame. The note of song was suddenly changed to a loud shriek of agony, as our blazing Corinthian, fiercely pursued by the old watch-dog, shot like a meteor through the rose-bushes and bean-poles of the garden, leaving in his wake a lambent streak of flame.

The half-suffocated Emma, alarmed at the fearful cry of distress that arose from beneath her window, stood gazing for a minute at the retreating figure; but concluding that her burning aromatics had fortunately startled a thief, she closed her shutters, and boldly braving the martial music of the murderous mosquitoes, inclined her rosy cheek upon the pillow.

Early next morning, the apparatus of the barber removed the last vestige of the singed serenader's expanded whiskers; and, thus shorn of these cherished ornaments, he passed up to the Cincinnati eye infirmary, for an operation upon his ophthalmic organs.

The torch of Hymen now lights the pathway of Emma, but Jazabel Godfrey, Esq. still wanders in Bachelor meditation fancy free.

CHEAP HONOURS.

The American Institute has showered its honours in great abundance, until they have become nearly as cheap as those of some of our colleges—two hundred and eighty-two "medals" and "diplomas" having been conferred on one occasion. One gentleman had a diploma "for a fine specimen of a pin-cushion;" and another "for a superior specimen of *alamode beef*." How these diplomas read, we do not precisely know; but we suppose something after this fashion:—Mr So-and-so, M. A. B. (Master of Alamode Beef); P. P. C. (Professor of Pin-Cushions), &c.

PERILS OF A PEARL-DIVER.

A pearl-diver had plunged into eleven fathoms, in the expectation of finding some peculiarly fine pearls. He was pursuing his search, when seeing the water suddenly darken, he looked up, and to his horror beheld at some distance above him, a huge shark, leisurely surveying all his movements, and evidently intending to make a prize of him. The diver made a dart forward towards a rock, where he thought that he might elude the eye of the monster, and then spring up to the surface; but the shark shook his tail, and followed quietly, but with the same evident determination to eat him the moment he rose. As under water time is every thing, and the diver had only to choose between being eaten alive and being suffocated, the thought suddenly came into his mind to puzzle his pursuer by a contrivance in which, whether he remembered it then or not, the cuttle-fish has the merit of originality. He threw himself upon the ground, and with the stick which all divers carry, began to muddy the water. A cloud of mire rose between him and the shark; he instantly struck out under cover of the cloud, and when he thought that he had cleared his enemy, shot up to the surface. By great luck he rose in the midst of the fishing-boats. The people, accustomed to perils of this kind, saw that he must have been in danger, and commenced plashing with their oars and shouting, to drive the shark away; they succeeded so far as to save their companion, and the diver was taken on board, almost dying from the dreadful exertion of remaining so long under water.

CHARACTER OF TURNPIKE-KEEPERS.

By this time the coach had reached the turnpike at Mile-End; a profound silence prevailed, until they had got two or three miles farther on, when Mr Weller, the driver, turning suddenly to Mr Pickwick, said, "Werry queer life is a pike-keeper's, sir." "A what?" said Mr Pickwick. "A pike-keeper." "What do you mean by a pike-keeper?" "The old one means a turnpike-keeper, gen'l'm'n," observed Sam. "Oh," said Mr Pickwick, "I see; yes, very curious life. Very uncomfortable." "They're all on 'em men as has met with some disappointment in life," said Mr Weller. "Ay, ay?" said Mr Pickwick. "Yes, consequence of vich, they retires from the world, and shuts themselves up in pikes; partly with the view of being solitary, and partly to revenge themselves on mankind, by takin' tolls." "Dear me," said Mr Pickwick, "I never knew that before." "Fact, sir," said Mr Weller; "if they was gen'l'm'n, you'd call 'em misanthropes, but as it is, they only takes to pike-keepin'." —Pickwick Papers.

THE LAST SHILLING.

[From Hood's Comic Annual.]

He was evidently a foreigner, and poor. As I sat at the opposite corner of the Southgate stage, I took a mental survey of his wardrobe:—a military cloak, much the worse for wear;—a blue coat, the worse for tear;—a napless hat;—a shirt neither white nor brown;—a pair of mud-coloured gloves, open at both thumbs;—grey trousers, too short for his legs;—and brown boots, too long for his feet. From some words he dropped, I found that he had come direct from Paris, to undertake the duties of French teacher at an English academy; and his companion, the English classical usher, had been sent to London to meet and conduct him to his suburban destination. Poor man, thought I, thou art going into a bitter line of business; and the hundredth share which I had taken in the boyish persecutions of my own French master—an emigré of the old noblesse—smote violently on my conscience. At Edmonton the coach stopped. The coachman alighted, pulled the bell of a mansion inscribed in large letters 'Vespasian House,' and deposited the foreigner's trunks and boxes on the footpath. The English classical usher stepped briskly out, and deposited a shilling in the coachman's anticipatory hand. Monsieur followed the example, and with some precipitation prepared to enter the gate of the fore-garden, but the driver stood in the way. "I want another shilling," said the coachman. "You agreed to take a shilling a-head," said the English master. "You said you would take one shilling for my head," said the French master. "It's for the luggage," said the coachman. The Frenchman seemed thunder-struck; but there was no help for it. He pulled out a weasel-bellied brown silk purse, but there was nothing in it save a medal of Napoleon. Then he felt his breast pockets, then his side pockets, and then his waistcoat pockets; but they were all empty, excepting a metal snuff-box, and that was empty too. Lastly, he felt the pockets in the flaps of his coat, taking out a meagre, would-be white handkerchief, and shaking it; but not a dump. I rather suspect he anticipated the result, but he went through the operations *seriatim*, with the true French gravity. At last he turned to his companion, with a "Mistare Barbicere, be as good as lend me von shilling." Mr Barber, thus appealed to, went through something of the same ceremony. Like a blue-bottle cleaning itself, he passed his hands over his breast and down the outside of his thighs, but the sense of feeling could detect nothing like a coin. "You agreed for a shilling, and you shall have no more," said the man with empty pockets. "No—no—no—you shall have no more," said the moneyless Frenchman. By this time the housemaid of Vespasian House, tired of standing by the door in her hand, had come down to the garden gate, and willing to make herself generally useful, laid her hand on one of the foreigner's trunks. "It shan't go till I'm paid my shilling," said the coachman, taking hold of the handle at the other end. The good-natured housemaid quitted her hold of the trunk, and seemed instantly to be bent double by a violent cramp, or stitch, in her right side, while her hand groped busily under her gown—but it was in vain. There was nothing in that pocket but some curl-papers and a brass thimble. The stitch and cramp then seemed to attack her other side; again she stooped and fumbled, while hope and doubt struggled together on her rosy face. At last hope triumphed. From the extreme corner of the huge dimity pouch she fished up a solitary coin, and thrust it exultingly into the obdurate palm. "It won't do," said the coachman, casting a wary eye on the metal, and holding out for the inspection of the trio a silver-washed coronation medal, which had been purchased of a Jew for twopence the year before. The poor girl quietly set down the trunk which she had again taken up, and restored the deceitful medal to her pocket. In the meantime, the arithmetical usher had arrived at the gate in his way out, and was stopped by the embargo on the luggage. "What's the matter now?" asked the man of figures. "If you please, sir," said the housemaid, dropping a low curtsy, "it's this impudent fellow of a coachman will stand here for his rights." "He wants a shilling more than his fare," said Mr Barber. "He does want more than his fare shilling," reiterated the Frenchman. "Coachman! what are we waiting here for?" shouted a stentorian voice from the rear of the stage. "Bless me, John, are we to stay here all day?" cried a shrill voice from the stage's interior. "If you don't get up shortly, I shall get down," bellowed a voice from the box. At this crisis the English usher drew his fellow tutor aside, and whispered something in his ear, which made him go through the old manual exercise. He slapped his pantaloons—coat-tails—and felt about his bosom. "I haven't got one," said he, and, with a shake of the head and a hurried bow, he set off at the pace of a twopenny postman. "I ain't going to stand here all day," said the coachman, getting out of all reasonable patience. "Thank goodness," ejaculated the housemaid, "here comes the doctor;" and the portly figure of the pedagogue himself came striding pompously down the gravel walk. He had two thick lips and a double chin, which all began wagging together. "Well, well, what's all this argumentative elocution? I command taciturnity!" "I'm a shilling short," said the coachman. "He says he has got one short shilling," said the foreigner. "Poo, poo, poo," said the thick lips and double chin, "pay the fellow his superfluous claim, and appeal to magisterial authority." "It is what we mean to do, sir," said the English usher, "but"—and he laid his lips mysteriously to the doctor's ear. "A pecuniary bagatelle," said the doctor. "It's palpable extortion, but I'll disburse it—and you have a legislative remedy for his avaricious demands." As the man of pomp said this, he thrust his fore-finger into an empty waistcoat pocket—then into its fellow—and then into every pocket he had, but without any other product than a bunch of keys, two ginger lozenges, and the French mark. "It is very peculiar," said the doctor; "I had a prepossession of having currency to that amount. The coachman must call for it to-morrow at Vespasian House—or stay—I perceive my housekeeper. Mrs Plummer, pray step hither and liquidate this little commercial obligation." Now,

whether Mrs Plummer had or had not a shilling, Mrs Plummer only knows, for she did not condescend to make any search for it; and if she had none, she was right not to take the trouble. However, she attempted to carry the point by a bold stroke. Snatching up one of the boxes, she motioned the housemaid to do the like, exclaiming in a shrill treble voice, "Here's a pretty work indeed about a paltry shilling! If it's worth having, it's worth calling again for; and I suppose Vespasian House is not going to run away!" "But may be I am," said the inflexible coachman, seizing a trunk with each hand. "John, I insist upon being let out," screamed the lady in the coach. "I shall be too late for dinner," roared the thunderer on the dicky. As for the passenger on the box, he had made off during the latter part of the altercation. "What shall we do?" said the English classical usher. "I do not know," said the housemaid. "I am a stranger in this country," said the Frenchman. "You must pay the money," said the coachman. "And here it is," said Mrs Plummer, who had made a trip to the house in the meantime; but whether she had coined it, or raised it by a subscription among the pupils, I know no more than the man in the moon.

OH! THIS WERE A BRIGHT WORLD.

BY ROBERT GILFILLAN.

TUNE—*"Groves of Blarney."*

Oh! this were a bright world,
Most pleasant and gay,
Did love never languish,
Nor friendship decay!
And pure rays of feeling
That gladden the heart,
Like sunshine to nature,
Did never depart!

To fair eyes no weeping,
To fond hearts no pain—
Did Hope's buds all blossom,
All blooming remain!
No sorrow to blighten,
No care to destroy,
Oh! then, what a bright world
Of gladness and joy!

Did time never alter,
Nor distance remove,
The friends that we cherish,
The fond ones we love!
A sky never clouded
Nor darkened by woe!
Oh! then, how serenely
Life's streamlet would flow!

Were pleasures less fleeting,
Nor brought in their train
The memory of joys fled,
That come not again,
Oh! then, what a bright world,
All gladness and gay,
Did love never languish,
Nor friendship decay!

ENGLISH, IRISH, AND SCOTCH MANNERS.

THE Englishman goes straight forward to his purpose; the Scotsman takes occasional deflections, when he calculates they will either shorten the road or facilitate the ascent; and the Irishman flies sometimes to the one side, sometimes to the other, tumbles down in his violence, and often ends where he began. In his mental powers the Englishman is persevering, but slow; the Scotsman is more intense and varied, but he sticks not too pertinaciously to a single subject; and the Irishman has the rush of the wind, and also its lightness. An Englishman in power is haughty and distant—he relies on his own schemes, and counts not on the favour or the assistance of other men; a Scotsman in power is apt to be more intriguing, and, for the vanity of serving his connections, will allow himself to do things which an Englishman would call mean; an Irishman in power is apt to lose his interest in the gratification of his vanity, and become the dupe of those who minister to his passions.

The poor Englishman takes his toil as lightly as he can, and counts the hours till he shall enjoy the Sunday's idleness and the Sunday's dinner. When young, he boasts of the dexterity of his fists, and the strength of his muscles; takes his wages with a growl, and thanks you not though you overpay him; and when he is old, he boasts that England is his country, and marches away to the workhouse with a feeling of independence. He appears to have no wish either to arrive at a more elevated station himself, or to put his family in a way of doing so. The poor Scotsman chaffs about the amount of his wages, hoards it with the greatest parsimony, and consoles himself, that in consequence of the way in which he has spent his savings, one, at least, of his sons will be a gentleman. The Irishman drudges hard for little, and seeks his pleasure afterwards. He is warm in his protestations of friendship, and will go any length for those who treat him kindly. When young, his glory is his brawl and his love-making; when old, the grave is his shelter.

Enter an English court of justice, it seems a cold formality; and a man is sentenced to be hanged with the same indifference as if he were only to pay a fine. In Scotland, the same scene is solemn and impressive. In Ireland, it appears a perfect battle-field. The English speaker (in public) proceeds by forms and facts; the Scottish, by argument from first principles; and the Irish, by an appeal to the passions. The first is clear; the second subtle; and the third vehement. A man is banished from Scotland for a great crime; from England for a small one; and from Ireland, morally speaking, for no crime at all. Hence, in New South Wales, an Irish convict may be a good man; an English passable; but a Scottish one is invariably a villain.—*European Review*.

A BOX-BED.

"Hooph!" (it requires a native to give this interjection the true Highland twang) said Donald, as he awoke in the night on the night after a late fair in Doune; not recollecting that he was lying on stairs on a *shaks-down*, in an otherwise empty closet. He had, at this moment, put his feet from under the blankets, with the intention of leaping down on the floor; but finding no descent, he stretched forth his hand in quest of the *stock*, till he reached the side-wall of his dormitory, where, after groping some time, he made assurance doubly sure, that he had got to the wall instead of the *stock*, of course, he could not be mistaken by taking an opposite direction, and the door of the room being open, he quietly drew himself into the lobby. "Ta ped's yerster nor she's lang, surely," murmured Donald, as he trailed along his legs. One heel at length overhung the stair-head, which had no railing, and he made sure of getting, as he thought, out of bed; but although he could not see, he was determined to feel before he leaped. Accordingly, down dropped one leg, and then the other—still no floor. Exasperated, he was resolved to be at the bottom of this adventure, and sliding his body over the edge, down, down he went, till he hung by the finger-points, and his outstretched toes were almost touching the floor. The suspense was intolerable; perhaps he was over the mouth of a draw-well, or a coal-pit, and, unable to endure the torture any longer, he roared out for assistance. A light being brought, Donald was relieved; when he wound up the adventures of the night with, "Tam't, if she'll ever go sleep in a muckle Lawland pox-bed no more."—*Laird of Logan*.

HOW TO KICK A MAN WITH IMPUNITY.

Two gentlemen were walking together in Paris. "I will engage," said the one to the other, "to give the man before us a good kicking, and yet he shall not be angry." He did as he had undertaken to do: the man turned round, and looked astonished. "I beg your pardon," said the kicker; "I took you for the Duke de la Tremouille." The duke was very handsome—the kicked man very plain; he was gratified by the mistake under which he believed he had suffered, shook himself, smiled, bowed, and went on his way.

MAKING A COURT LAUGH.

It is no easy matter to make a court laugh, but the thing is sometimes done. The following is an instance.—Erskine, the famous barrister, was arguing on a patent right relative to some new kind of buckles; his opponent, Mingay, strongly contended that the invention was worth nothing. Erskine started up, and said in a solemn tone, "I said, and say again, that our ancestors would have looked on this invention as singularly ingenious—they would have been astonished at these buckles." "Gentlemen of the jury," said Mingay with equal solemnity, "I say nothing of my ancestors, but I am convinced that my learned friend's ancestors would have been much more astonished at his shoes and stockings." The court burst into a roar.

A DIFFERENT LAW FOR DIFFERENT RANKS.

The late John Spencer, Esq., was a man of sense, humour, and wit, very singular in his dress, and very determined in his actions. In the morning he walked the streets in a Tyburn wig, with an oak stick and little hunting-knife under a plain brown frock. In this manner, sallying forth one morning to take a walk, a butcher's dog, not liking his phiz, flew at him, and shook him soundly by the coat, that Mr Spencer (then commonly called Jack Spencer) drew forth his knife, and stabbed the dog. The enraged butcher, not thinking it quite safe to attack a man so stout and well armed at both points as Mr Spencer then was, determined rather to dog the assassin, which Mr Spencer perceiving, he went into the first alehouse, and called for a pint of porter, in order to give the butcher time to take such measure as he thought more prudent than a boxing-match. The butcher fetched the constable, and charged him to take that man into custody. Sir Thomas de Viel was then the first acting magistrate of Westminster, before whom the noble culprit was brought. Mr Spencer, seeing the pomposity of the justice, and knowing what he was at bottom, affected a face of scorn, fear, and repentance. "How dared you, sir," said the justice, as soon as the case was opened, "kill this here man's dog, nay, his servant, as a body may call him, who protected his shop with more faith and fidelity than perhaps a Christian would have done?" And seeing the dainty his prisoner was under, added, "Sirrah, what provocation had you to kill this honest man's dog?" Upon this second interrogation, "Bow, wow, wow!" barked Mr Spencer, and running his head furiously into De Viel's face, and taking with his collar with his mouth, made the seat of justice tremble. To the astonishment of all present, a dog killed, justice insisted, was a poor butcher ruined, a court of justice disgraced!—why it was almost death without benefit of clergy. "Commit him, commit him!" said De Viel. "What's your name, fellow?" said the clerk, who was filling up the *mittimus*. At length silence being called, the prisoner, with a second penitential face, answered, "My name, and please your worship, is Spencer." "But your Christian name?" "Why, that is John." Now, Sir Thomas was no such fool but he knew that Spencer John turned the other way was John Spencer, and that John Spencer was a singular character, and brother to the Duke of Marlborough, and then taking a more steadfast look in his face, recollected his person. A short pause was here necessary; Sir Thomas took it, and then bursting out into a laugh, ran up to Mr Spencer, and saluted him. "Mr Spencer," said he, "I am your most obedient humble servant; pray how does my Lord Duke, your brother, do? Pray, Mr Spencer, do me the honour to sit down; and turning to the butcher, "Sirrah, away! never let me hear again of your keeping dogs to insult gentlemen, and terrify his majesty's faithful subjects in the streets; I have a great mind!"—Here Mr Spencer interposed, and desired that he might so far prevail as to let the man go quietly home and look after his mutton, which Sir Thomas granted.—*Flowers of Anecdote*.

A LUCKY SLEEP.

A tradesman of Lyons, of the name of Grivet, was, during the reign of terror in France, sentenced to death. He was brought into the cave of the condemned, where there were several others, who with him were to suffer the next morning. On his arrival they pressed round him, to sympathise in his fate, and fortify him for the stroke he was about to encounter. But Grivet was calm and composed. "Come and sup with us," said they; "this is the last inn in the journey of life; to-morrow we shall arrive at our long home." Grivet accepted the invitation, supped heartily, and then retiring to the most remote corner of the cave, buried himself in the straw and went to sleep. The morning arrived; the other prisoners were tied together, and led away to execution, without Grivet's perceiving any thing, or being perceived. He was fast asleep. The door of the cave was locked, and when he awoke, he was astonished to find himself in perfect solitude. Four days passed without any new prisoners being brought in (a rare occurrence!) during which Grivet subsisted on some provisions which he found scattered about the cave. On the evening of the fourth day the turnkey brought in a new prisoner, and was thunderstruck on seeing a man, or, as he almost believed it, a spirit in the cave. He called the sentinels, and having interrogated Grivet, found that he had been left in the cave four days ago. He hastened to the tribunal to excuse himself for what had happened. Grivet was summoned before it. It was a moment of lenity with the judges, and Grivet was set at liberty.—*The same*.

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